

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 941, Vol. 36.

November 8, 1873.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AND THE CONSERVATIVES.

THE French Royalists have shown that they are not too proud to take a leaf out of an enemy's book. After deposing M. THIERS for trying to make a Republic without Republicans, they are now determined to make a Monarchy without a King. They can have no real wish to see Marshal MACMAHON President for ten years, but their political imagination is limited, and, having failed to get what they want, they are fain to put up with a colourable imitation of it. Still the policy of the Royalists pure and simple is more intelligible than the policy of the Conservatives pure and simple. France, it is clear, must suffer more than she has yet suffered before she will put up with the Count of CHAMBORD. If he is ever to be accepted as King, it must be in the character of a refuge from anarchy, and the best chance of producing anarchy is to saddle France for ten years with a President whom she does not want. It is a chance that may fail through the wisdom and self-control of the Republican party; but the Royalists naturally hope that this self-control will soon break down, and that France will be given over to intolerable license, to be quickly followed by equally intolerable repression. Upon this formless chaos HENRY V. will descend like the Divine Spirit at the making of the world. At his appearance order will resume her sway, and a new political creation will rise out of the deep. It is a tremendous risk to run for the sake of a possible Restoration, but to those who think a Restoration the one thing needful this is obviously not a valid objection. What shall it profit a Legitimist if he gain order and prosperity and lose his King? But the Conservatives who are acting with the Royalists in this matter have no such excuse to offer. Their conduct ever since the 24th of May displays extraordinary ignorance of what constitutes a really strong Government. The reason why one French Government after another has proved so weak is that not one of them has had any real foundation in the public opinion of the nation. The great mass of Frenchmen have accepted any Government that has been given to them. An adventurer who could once lay his hand on the bell-rope might count on the obedience of all the servants, and French Revolutions have by degrees resolved themselves into a series of rushes to get hold of the bell-rope. Ten days ago the Royalists stood very near it; to-day it is almost within the grasp of the MacMahonists. But power thus secured will at best be held on the old precarious tenure. The most hopeful sign about French politics in 1871 was that all reasonable politicians seemed to be becoming conscious that the way to establish a strong Government was to wait until a genuine preference for one form of government over another had developed itself in the country. Now the Conservatives of the Right Centre have unlearned their momentary wisdom, and are ready to impose the Count of CHAMBORD upon the nation one day and Marshal MACMAHON the next. The old delusion of a strong Government—strong, that is, in the momentary support of the army and in nothing else—has resumed its hold over them; and instead of welcoming the preference for a Republic which is beginning to grow up in France as the best road out of the political dilemma, they are only in the greater hurry to act in an opposite sense before this growing opinion has declared itself too loudly to be defied.

We are far from saying that no prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON's power would have been allowable in the present circumstances of France. On the contrary, it might have been highly expedient to give him fixity of

tenure during the interval which will be required to carry the country through the present political crisis. If the proposal of the Right had been to declare the Marshal President until the constitutional laws had been passed, or even until the dissolution of the existing Assembly, the Left might very well have accepted it as providing timid citizens with a guarantee that order would be maintained during the process of consolidating the Republic. But to declare him President for ten years is a manoeuvre differing only in degree from the design of making France a Monarchy. The essential vice of the two proposals is the same. They are both attempts to bind the country by the decree of an Assembly which no longer represents the country. The MacMahonists are just as set upon snatching a vote before the vacant seats are filled up as the Royalists were the week before last, and they are set upon it for the same reason. They know that the country is not with them, and that even the trifling addition which the partial elections would make to the numbers of the Assembly would probably be enough to convert their majority into a minority. There is nothing necessarily vicious in a President being elected for a prolonged period. If the French nation, or even the existing Assembly with its full tale of members, had decreed the mode of the President's appointment, had defined the extent of his powers, and had regulated his relations with his Ministers, there would have been no objection to the duration of his power being fixed at ten years. But when these indispensable preliminaries are wanting, such an election is tantamount to the appointment of a dictator. Marshal MACMAHON is intended to rule with absolute power until such time as laws have been passed which shall make the Ministers absolute enough to dispense with his aid. What the nature of these changes is to be is shadowed forth in the Marshal's Message. Existing laws, he says, do not arm the Government with sufficient strength "to discourage factions, or even to make itself obeyed by its own agents. The press abandons itself with impunity to excesses which would end by corrupting the public mind. The municipalities forget that they are organs of law, and leave the central authority without representatives." The Marshal might have put all this in a shorter compass, if he had simply said that the Government finds itself powerless to suppress Republicanism. This is the sum and substance of the law's offending. The factions which the Government is unable to discourage are the majority of the electors throughout the country. The agents whose obedience it cannot command are the officials who are bidden to prevent the return of Republican members, and who plead that the task assigned them is an impossibility. The corrupting press stands for the journals which are sufficiently cautious in the utterance of their views to escape the decrees of suppression which are freely dealt out to newspapers that dare to defend the existing order of things against such licentious attacks as those of the *Univers*. The municipalities who leave the central authority without representatives are the Councils-General who set the wishes of their constituents above the hints of the Prefect, and boldly tell the Government that the people of the department desire a Republic. Marshal MACMAHON's supporters fondly hope that with ten years of power secured to him all these evils may be set right. When it is no longer safe for the subjects of a Republican Government to avow themselves Republicans there will be an end to factions. When a new electoral law has purged the constituencies of all dangerous voters, the Prefects will no longer allege inability to execute the orders given them.

When Republican journalists are either silenced or banished, the excesses of the press will be all in the right direction. When the municipalities have been remodelled and made the creatures of the Central Government, they will be eager to win pardon for the independence into which they have lately been betrayed. These are the blessed results which society is to gain from the possession of an Executive power "solicitous for its future and able to defend it with energy."

In the debate of Wednesday the Left wisely rested their opposition to the extension of Marshal MACMAHON'S reign on the impropriety of conferring a ten years' lease of power before the nature of the power had been determined. No one can say precisely what it is that the Marshal will probably be made in the course of to-day or to-morrow. Until now he has been the delegate of the Assembly, holding office at its bidding, and capable of being removed at any moment by a hostile vote. Even if it be granted, for the sake of argument, that it is desirable to put an end to this state of things, it cannot be desirable to make the Chief of the Executive irremovable until his relations with the Legislature and with the country have been discussed and settled. Conservatives must be extraordinarily fond of leaps in the dark, or they would not be so anxious to give themselves up body and soul to a ruler of whom they know nothing but that he has proved himself a brave soldier and a vacillating politician. But the Marshal's Message fails altogether to show that there is any necessity for giving this sudden permanence to the Executive. The party strife which he deprecates was entirely provoked by the Conservatives. As M. DUBAURE pointed out, until the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf France had been absolutely tranquil under Marshal MACMAHON'S Government, and the first note of disturbance was given by the Royalist intrigues, and by the suspicion of Government complicity in them. For all the agitation of the past three months, as for all the agitation which must follow the unjustifiable prolongation of the PRESIDENT'S term of office, the Conservative party is directly and solely responsible.

LEGAL VACANCIES AND APPOINTMENTS.

THE death of Vice-Chancellor WICKENS was followed almost immediately by that of Chief Justice BOVILL, so that the Long Vacation ended with the loss of two Judges, each eminent in his way, and with a number of new appointments at the disposal of the Government. The late Vice-Chancellor was in many respects a model of what may be termed the University type of judge. He knew a great deal of law, but he knew a great deal of many other things; and what he knew he knew well. With very wide reading, a singularly retentive and accurate memory, and sound judgment, he had the resources of literature at his command in a degree which few rival who have given themselves up to literature altogether. As a lawyer he was noted while at the Bar for the lucidity, good sense, and accuracy of his opinions, and everything seemed to show that he would as a judge acquire a commanding reputation. But affliction and ill-health prevented him from doing justice to his powers after he became Vice-Chancellor, and he has now died too early to leave a judicial reputation behind him. But the judgment of a profession is rarely wrong, and so much could scarcely have been expected of a judge without a strong probability existing that the result, if it could have been ascertained, would have conformed to the expectation. Chief Justice BOVILL was an equally good type of what may be termed the non-University judge. He began in a solicitor's office, he worked hard, he made himself an excellent commercial lawyer, he was a useful and successful advocate, and he won general good will, and even affection, by unflinching good temper and easy geniality, and by innumerable acts of kindness. He was for some time in Parliament, but without in any way seeking to make himself conspicuous, and even when he was a law officer he merely did the work that came in his way. Few law officers shine in the House of Commons if they have a large private practice. They are overworked, and overworked men are obliged to get through their daily task as they can. There have been some exceptions, of whom the present CHANCELLOR is one of the most conspicuous; but the pressure of work tells so much on most law officers that they are content to serve the Government and their private clients as fairly and honourably as they can, and let things go on if possible until some

superior sort of judgeship falls vacant. Chief Justice BOVILL went through the House of Commons and the posts of Solicitor and Attorney General in the due course of deserved promotion. When he was made a Chief Justice, lawyers of all parties thought that he had honourably earned the distinction, and were pleased that a man popular and acceptable had not been deprived by ill fortune of an adequate reward. It was the first TICHBORNE case that made his name and appearance familiar to the public, and no one could deny that a case of a most extraordinary character, length, and interest was placed under the superintendence of a legal dignitary who displayed an admirable patience and assiduity, and a cheerfulness which not even the prolonged tediousness of a never-ending story could dispel or materially impair.

The post he has quitted will naturally be filled by one of the chief performers in the drama over which the late Chief Justice presided. Custom decides that, if the Attorney-General is willing to take a vacant Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, he is to have it; and even if custom did not give him the place, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE would have an indisputable claim to fill it. In Parliament it can scarcely be said that Sir JOHN COLERIDGE has fulfilled his early promise. He has never got beyond the second rank of speakers; and although he has never fallen short of what a prominent supporter of the Government is expected to do, he has rather succeeded in saying well what he has obviously had to say than commanded the admiration of his audience by the display of unusual powers. He has played no original part in legislation, and has on more than one occasion explained in his defence that he considered or found that original legislation was beyond the sphere of a law officer. Nor has he been very successful in the difficult task of watching over the drafting of Government Bills, and calculating the effect of amendments and interpolations. Still he has now and then shown a width of view and a general grasp of a considerable question which have done much to increase his reputation, and he has taken advantage of several opportunities when he has been able to make himself useful to his friends by conciliating the sympathies of an important ecclesiastical party with the policy of advanced Liberalism. However he may be replaced, the Government will lose more than it will gain by his disappearance into the tranquil dignity of a Chief Justiceship. Opinions will vary as to whether it is likely that he will do more than fill the office he is understood to have accepted in an adequate and satisfactory manner. In the discussion of mere legal points he has not established more than an average reputation; but of all men a judge finds it the easiest to advance rapidly in the knowledge and comprehension of law. To be eminent as a lawyer is, however, only one of the qualifications of a good Chief Justice. He has other functions, the discharge of which in a masterly manner lies at the bottom of much of the respect which in England is generally felt for the heads of the law. He has to maintain the dignity of his court, to make juries and listeners feel that they are in the presence of a superior person; and he has to show on the occasion of important trials that he can co-ordinate disjointed facts, and weave threads of various colour and texture into a whole on which an opinion can be satisfactorily pronounced. In these spheres of official duty Sir JOHN COLERIDGE is sure to attain a success beyond the average of success attained by his predecessors in office. He will look and behave like a Chief Justice, and this is an advantage which no one will undermate who understands that Chief Justices live in a shifting world of listeners which wants to see and hear them before it forms an estimate of the amount of respect or admiration due to them. Of the power of the new Chief Justice to marshal facts, to arrange evidence, to tell a long story clearly, no proof is needed after his very remarkable display of skill in this department of legal work, when, in a speech that ran into weeks, he massed together the evidence for the TICHBORNE defence. Whether he shone in cross-examination during that trial is a point to be variously decided according to the judgment or prepossessions of professional critics; but no one would think of contesting that he managed to tell a story as long as several Waverley Novels put together with wonderful clearness, method, and continuity.

Mr. HENRY JAMES will, as a matter of course, become Attorney-General almost before he has had time to show himself as Solicitor-General; and fortunately he does not forfeit his seat by the change. His seat is, however, to be

attacked by a petition, and although it is not to be supposed that the petitioners will allege that he was cognisant of any corrupt practices, or personally mixed up with them, every candidate runs the risk of having indiscreet friends who are more anxious that he should win than careful how he wins. No contest could have more the appearance of being fairly fought than that which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL waged at Taunton, and the petition now presented is not, it is said, countenanced either by the defeated candidate or the local heads of the Conservative party. However this may be, if there are persons at Taunton who have satisfied themselves on reasonable grounds that bribery or corruption was practised during the recent election, they are not only entitled to have the matter inquired into, but they are rendering the public an unmistakeable service by insisting that an inquiry shall be made. It will be very much to be regretted if an Attorney-General in the first flush of success, like Mr. JAMES, forfeits his seat because some foolish and misguided persons with whom he has unhappily established a relation amounting to agency have chosen behind his back to take measures on his behalf of which he would have most strongly disapproved. But if misguided people of this sort are to be restrained, nothing could be more likely to restrain them than by selecting a conspicuous example to show that not only are their efforts entirely frustrated in the long run, but they have actually inflicted a most cruel blow on the man they wished to serve. How petitioners are to prove their case under the Ballot is a most interesting question, and if it is practically found, on an occasion which will attract such attention as the trial of a petition against the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, that under the Ballot there is great difficulty in getting legal proof of offences that will unseat a member, the consequences on the eve of a general election may be most serious, and the cost of getting into Parliament may suddenly be enormously enhanced. For the vacant post of Solicitor-General the Government has to choose between a thoroughly competent man like Mr. HARCOURT, to whom there are some objections, and men to whom there are no objections, but who are not as yet in that position at the Bar, or in the House, which law officers have generally obtained before they receive their appointment. The objections to Mr. HARCOURT are that, as his practice was at the Parliamentary Bar, he has necessarily since he entered Parliament had less to do with the practice of his profession; and that he has assumed to the Treasury Bench the position rather of an equal than of a possible subordinate. These objections are, however, of little or no weight as compared with the attainment of the great object of getting the best man into a vacant office; and it will be for Mr. HARCOURT to decide whether he prefers the easy path of professional promotion, or the more difficult, but more interesting, road to political eminence.

THE FALL OF THE CANADIAN MINISTRY.

THE Canadian Ministry, by resigning office without waiting for the result of Mr. MACKENZIE'S motion for a vote of censure, have escaped the formal condemnation which, it may be assumed, would otherwise have been passed on them; but it is difficult to understand what advantage they imagine that they have obtained by this proceeding. Their resignation is necessarily an acknowledgment that they have lost the confidence of the House of Commons, and it is also open to the interpretation that they were conscious of the weakness of their case, and possibly afraid that the more thoroughly it was examined the worse it would appear. The Canadian Parliament has been expressly invited by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to prosecute or complete at its discretion the inquiry which has been held by the Commission. There is, however, apparently nothing further to discover; for the whole controversy turns, not on disputed facts, but on the opinion which may be formed of the character of the transaction. The advocates of the late Ministry boast, with a certain amount of truth, that Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues gave their evidence with perfect candour; and perhaps they may have been the more communicative because the whole story had already been published in full. It would have been useless for Sir JOHN MACDONALD to anticipate the apology offered for him by the Duke of MANCHESTER, even if it had been possible that the Prime Minister of CANADA could be as careless of accuracy as an amateur observer.

The Duke, having recently visited Canada, and feeling, as he says, no political prejudice in favour of either party in the Dominion, has given an opinion on the Pacific Railway scandal which would have been open to question even if it had not been founded on a misapprehension of the facts. The Duke begins his narrative with the statement that Sir JOHN MACDONALD "had given a charter for the Canadian Pacific Railway to 'Sir HUGH ALLAN and some United States colleagues.'" He then states that the Opposition took advantage, in the canvass preceding the general election, of the concession of a great public work to a Company which included foreigners. The Ministers, finding their party supremacy endangered by the popular clamour, then applied to Sir HUGH ALLAN for pecuniary assistance; and as there is in Canada no political Secretary of the Treasury, the PRIME MINISTER received cheques for the money necessary for elections, and gave receipts for the amount. "This was disgraceful; for one 'man may steal a horse, while another may not look over 'the hedge.'" The Duke of MANCHESTER in the same ironical tone asserts that the Railway charter was cancelled or surrendered some weeks ago, and that the PRIME MINISTER had committed a great mistake in not communicating the fact to the press of Canada and of England. It seems that, in the Duke's opinion, a Secretary of the Treasury would be perfectly justified in receiving, for the purposes of an election, money from a contractor who had immediately before obtained a valuable concession from the Government. As no such act of dishonesty is known to have been committed in England in modern times, a peer of high rank ought not gratuitously to insinuate that English Ministers are not superior in morality to the most corrupt politicians on the other side of the Atlantic.

As the Duke of MANCHESTER has not yet discovered that the practices which he defends are obsolete in England, his judgment on the Canadian controversy is entitled to little weight. Notwithstanding the extravagant tolerance which the Duke professes, he has only satisfied his conscience of the innocence of the Canadian Ministers by imagining an order of events which has not occurred. It is not true that Sir JOHN MACDONALD first granted the contract, that the Opposition then attacked his decision, and that finally he appealed to Sir HUGH ALLAN for pecuniary support. The contract was never given to the Company which included American subscribers. On the contrary, the only redeeming point in the conduct of the Ministers was their demand that the two competing Companies should be amalgamated, for the express purpose of excluding American influence. When the proposed union failed in consequence of the refusal of the Inter-Oceanic Company to amalgamate with the Canadian Pacific, a new Company was formed under the presidency of Sir HUGH ALLAN; and the advance of money was anterior to the final conclusion of the bargain. In a letter of the 6th of August, 1872, Sir HUGH ALLAN informs his American associate, Mr. M'MULLEN, that the Government had on the previous day granted the contract to a Company to be formed of Canadians only. He states in the same letter that "this position has not been obtained without a large outlay of money. I have already paid over '200,000 dollars, and I will have at least 100,000 'dollars more to pay.'" Of this sum of 40,000*l.* or 60,000*l.*, Sir JOHN MACDONALD had by his own acknowledgment received 9,000*l.* for the purposes of the election; yet the Duke of MANCHESTER can see no impropriety in the transaction, except that the PRIME MINISTER was imprudent in signing the receipts. Canadians and Americans of lax consciences will welcome the acknowledgment that the exchange of Government patronage for money is commonly practised in England; and perhaps they will not accept a flat contradiction of the Duke's implied assertion. He has probably held himself aloof from the details of politics, and he may have founded his belief on traditions handed down through three or four generations. There are always persons incapable of observing the world around them, who would attribute to Mr. GLADSTONE the practices of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, and judge of Lord NORTHBROOK'S administration of India from the declamatory invectives of BURKE. Not only would a Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury who should be guilty of the practices which are imputed to Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues, on the exposure of his corrupt dealings, be driven from public life, but he would involve the Government which he served in political ruin. The Duke of

MANCHESTER is perfectly right in holding that it makes little difference whether receipts for bribes are signed by a Prime Minister or by a confidential subordinate; but his estimate of the political morality of England is founded on utter ignorance.

LORD DUFFERIN's assent to the prorogation of the Parliament after the adjournment has been satisfactorily explained in a long despatch which has been approved by LORD KIMBERLEY on behalf of the Crown. As it had been announced on the eve of the former adjournment that the Parliament would only meet again for the purpose of the prorogation, many members were not in attendance; and the enormous distances of Canada would have rendered it impossible for many of them to obey a hasty summons. It happened that the strength of the Opposition lay in the home districts, while some of the Ministerial supporters were in Europe, and some beyond the Rocky Mountains. No proof was tendered to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL that any member of the majority had changed the opinion which the House had before the adjournment tacitly expressed in favour of immediate prorogation. The worst that could happen was the loss of two months; and the interval, instead of being wasted, was occupied by the inquiry of the Commission. If the House of Commons had acquitted the Ministry by refusing to pass Mr. MACKENZIE's vote of censure, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL would no doubt have complied with Parliamentary precedent, whatever might be his private opinion. If the House had, at its previous meeting, been fully attended, LORD DUFFERIN would probably have declined to allow his Ministers the respite afforded by a prorogation. An English nobleman who has studied the course of public affairs more carefully than the Duke of MANCHESTER is not likely to have regarded with complacency or indifference a plausible charge of corruption against his Ministers; but his conduct, as he explains it in his despatch, was constitutional and prudent. That it was upright and honourable no Englishman had previously doubted; and the vituperation of Canadian newspapers is probably the result of habit rather than conviction.

The result of the resignation of Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues will be shortly known. Probably it may not be thought necessary by their successors to resort to a dissolution. The differences which divide the contending factions are scarcely intelligible to English minds, nor is the appellation of the "Clear Grit party" calculated to afford political information. It may be hoped that the political conflict will not prevent or delay the construction of the Pacific Railway. The fear that American speculators might be interested rather in the rival line through the States than in the Canadian enterprise explains, and perhaps justifies, the jealous care of the Government to dispense with the aid of foreign capital. It would probably have been more expedient to sustain Sir HUGH ALLAN's contract than to postpone indefinitely the construction of the railway; but the concession has been surrendered, not, as the Duke of MANCHESTER supposes, through feelings of delicacy, but because the Company has failed to procure the necessary capital in England. The accused Ministers are entitled to the benefit of a practical demonstration that the concession which they are said to have sold has been found valueless by the holders.

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

ENGLISHMEN may fairly regret this autumn that communication with India is so rapid and so perfect. If it were in our power to avert the terrible disaster with which, according to the telegrams, Bengal is threatened, we could not know of it too soon. But when we can simply sit still and hope that the accounts are exaggerated or premature, it would be well if we did not receive them except in sufficient detail to furnish their own corrections. To Englishmen an Indian famine is the worst of all famines. The sufferers are their own fellow-subjects, and therefore it comes home to them as though it were in Ireland or in Lancashire. And yet they are as powerless to render any assistance as though it were in China or Persia. All that can be done must be done on the spot. It is allowable, therefore, to sift to the utmost the statements furnished by the telegraph, because there is no one to be stimulated into action, and consequently, if things are made out worse than they afterwards prove to be, there is no practical gain to compensate for the mental distress which exaggeration causes. No

doubt, if the worst inference from the telegrams is the true one, the prospect is very terrible. Bengal Proper, with its thirty millions of inhabitants, is one of the most densely peopled countries in the world. By the Census of 1871 it appeared that the food-producing area contains an average population of 650 souls to the square mile, or one to each half-acre. If the rice crop were to fail completely, this whole population will be thrown on the hands of the Government of India. In 1770 this actually happened. The rains had ceased prematurely in the previous September, and the December rice crop was as so much dried straw. The spring pulse crop kept off starvation for a short time, but when that was consumed the people died by millions. There is an alarming similarity, as regards the weather, between 1873 and 1770. The rains which should have lasted through September and have been succeeded by October showers, came altogether to an end about the middle of the former month, and now, unless the winter is as abnormal as the autumn, it is too late to look for them. On the other hand, if the causes of famine are as present as they were in 1770, it is far from certain that they have been equally fertile in results. Those who are most likely to be well informed are still doubtful whether there will be any famine, and whether the scarcity which seems inevitable will not be felt in Behar rather than in Bengal Proper. If this view of the case turns out to be correct, it supplies two sources of encouragement. The greatest of the rice producing districts will not be affected, and the province actually visited by scarcity is one in which the people do not trust to rice so exclusively as in Bengal Proper.

Happily the condition of Bengal is very different now from what it was in 1770. The English Governors had then no adequate experience of what famine meant, and even if their knowledge had been greater, their powers of giving effect to it were too small to be of much avail. There was no free expenditure of money. "The utmost," says Mr. HUNTER, "that the Council, when pressed by the 'Court of Directors as to Government relief efforts, could show was a distribution of 9,000*l.* among thirty 'millions of people.' Even if the money to buy grain had been forthcoming, the means of distributing grain were wanting. Now there are roads and railroads at the disposal of the Government of India, and with four months' warning—for it seems that, as in 1770, the real pinch of the scarcity will not be felt before March—a great deal can be done in the way of collection and transportation. Rice can be imported by sea from British Burmah and Cochin China, though in the latter market the Chinese are now formidable rivals of the Indian buyer; and Bengal is now connected by railways with Central and Southern India. The inducement of high prices, and the pressure of Government orders, will bring all the available grain into the suffering districts; and the principal difficulty—in itself no doubt a sufficiently formidable one—will be to convey it to the villages lying away from the great lines of road. There is some comfort in the reflection that in so many respects the prospect now is better than the prospect in 1770. Instead of a grant of a few thousand pounds, there is the whole treasury and the whole credit of the Government of India. It is true that money will not create food, and that all the imported food that the Government can lay hands on may be insufficient to meet the demand. But the force of money as a food collector has never been tested; since, though money was to be had in Orissa in 1866, there was no means of conveying the food when bought to the district which was being depopulated for want of it. Instead of a total want of means of communication, there is a system of roads, incomplete indeed according to our present notions, but still opening up in some degree districts which a century ago were altogether unapproachable. A further difference in favour of 1873 lies in the wiser policy of the Government as regards private trade. In 1770 the Government set its face against the hoarding of grain; and the consequence was that prices remained low, and consumption did not lessen, until the whole stock of food was on the eve of being exhausted. Now prices are rising at the very first hint of scarcity, and the result will be that food will be compulsorily husbanded from the outset. In all these ways the disaster will be met, if met it has to be, at an advantage to which 1770 presents no parallel.

The periodical recurrence of famines, or threatenings of famine, completely disposes of two objections which have of late years been taken to the policy of the Indian Govern-

ment. Why, it has been said, should so large a balance be maintained in the Treasury instead of being left to fructify in the pockets of the taxpayers? Those who have recently asked this question will hardly care to press for an answer to it just at present. A Government which may any year have to maintain sixty millions of people for months together ought not to leave itself without an ample reserve. It might indeed in ordinary years go about its business with empty pockets, and trust to borrowing what it wants whenever the necessity presents itself. But taxes levied to pay the interest on loans are, to say the least, as heavy a burden as taxes levied to maintain a balance, and it is certainly not desirable that the Government should be considering how to raise money on the easiest terms at a time when every moment is wanted, and every energy ought to be available for the work of collecting and distributing food. Still more conclusive is the answer which the alarm of famine furnishes to the argument that the Government of India has been too lavish in its expenditure on public works. It is only on exceptional occasions that the real meaning of this expenditure can be recognized. If there had been no Government expenditure on roads and railroads in Bengal, the prospect before us would probably have been as hopeless as in 1770. If there had been no Government expenditure on irrigation in provinces where the rainfall is less than it ordinarily is in Bengal, those provinces would have been constantly open to the danger to which Bengal is occasionally exposed. There may be lavish expenditure on public works in the sense of money being laid out on unprofitable works, or on works which promise to be less remunerative than others which might have been undertaken in their place; but, in the sense of money laid out upon works of recognized utility, it is scarcely possible that the outlay should be too large. After all that has been done in the way of road-making, there are districts in Bengal which can only be reached by a tedious and costly journey across a trackless country and unbridged rivers. It is here that the pinch of the apprehended scarcity will be felt, and, but for the public works undertaken by the Government of India, what is now true of some districts would have been true of almost all. Indeed in Bengal more roads are still the great specific against famine. Irrigation might be introduced by constructing a dam across the Ganges, and diverting its flood waters into artificial channels, but this expedient would be utterly useless in any but exceptional years. Roads, on the other hand, are always useful as auxiliaries to trade, while on the occurrence of great scarcity they make the worst forms of famine impossible. In proportion as the food supply of all India becomes available for the districts in which the crops have failed, the burden of the calamity is distributed over a larger area, and is shared by the whole country in the shape of higher prices, instead of overwhelming a particular province in the shape of hopeless starvation.

SPAIN.

THE state of Spain, and more especially of Carthage, would be ludicrous if it were only a fiction. Anarchy, moral degradation, and universal imbecility are in real life not ridiculous but melancholy objects of contemplation. Fifty years have passed since SHELLEY extolled in eloquent and incoherent verse the glories of "a land which now is free." At that time a successful rebellion in Spain had temporarily taken the place of a vile and bigoted despotism; and ever since, at frequent intervals, the Spaniards have tried, as opportunity occurred, the experiment of a pure democracy in which obedience, loyalty, and order have not been deemed essential conditions of political society. They may now boast that they are a stage in advance of other European communities which are engaged in a downward progress. The leaders of the Paris Commune were perhaps less contemptible than the actual or recent rulers of Carthage; and the French nation, notwithstanding its recent disasters, retained sufficient vigour and discipline to crush internal treason. In England Republicans and Socialists are, fortunately for themselves and for others, still too weak to exemplify, like ROQUES BARCIA and CONTRERAS, their principles in practice. The Carthagean insurrection seems to be rapidly approaching its close; but it is a national disgrace that it should be allowed to expire by its own inherent weakness. On the land side a considerable army, well supplied with siege artillery, has only established a blockade; and the Spanish Admiral has run away

from the rebel squadron, which would probably not have ventured to resist an attack. One Carthagean ironclad has contrived to sink another; but some Spanish merchant vessels have been captured on the open sea. According to the latest accounts, the insurgent Government had resigned, or had been forcibly dissolved; and perhaps the rebellion may now be exclusively maintained by the liberated convicts who were at the beginning of the revolt released from the gaols. A government of professional thieves is perhaps the extremest form which has yet been assumed by liberty, equality, and fraternity; but there must be a point at which even Spanish toleration will be exhausted, and the convicts would probably be glad to submit on condition of an amnesty. Whatever may have been their former crimes, they are comparatively guiltless of treason; for they can scarcely be blamed for exchanging penal labour for service in the rebel ranks. When the rebellion has finally collapsed, the PRIME MINISTER will issue a grandiloquent proclamation on the triumph of national unity; but it remains to be seen whether he will have the courage to shoot the civil and military ringleaders. There is an account in a nursery story-book of a family of children who were allowed for a single day to do exactly what they liked. The tale of course fulfils its didactic purpose by showing the mischief and confusion which ensued from a temporary suspension of parental authority. The history of Spain since the overthrow of the Monarchy illustrates the same moral more forcibly, because the incidents have occurred in a natural sequence of cause and effect, and not by arbitrary selection.

The war in the mountainous Northern provinces will be interrupted by the winter. The Carlists have perhaps little to fear from the Republican troops; but it is difficult to understand how they can obtain sufficient funds to keep an army together. The failure of the expected Restoration in France will probably discourage the Spanish Legitimists, though they have no reason to apprehend any display of ill-will to their cause by the Provisional Government of Marshal MACMAHON. DON CARLOS in his military Court at Estella occupies a more respectable position than the helpless Pretender who prattles at Salzburg about the white flag and about HENRY IV. He is said to show his good sense by discountenancing the negotiations of some of his supporters with General CABREERA. No advantage would be likely to arise if the chief command were entrusted to an elderly exile who has not visited Spain for thirty years. In his youth CABREERA was known as a spirited partisan, and also as one of the most cruel of the unscrupulous chieftains of either party. He had no opportunity of displaying military genius; and his name is probably but little known to the younger generation. If the Carlists of the present day had been fortunate enough to find another ZUMALACARREGUY to lead them, they would by this time have driven the Republican Government from Madrid; but their actual chiefs are probably well advised in declining to cross the Ebro. The Royalists have no hold on opinion or feeling in the greater part of Spain. Even Admiral LOBO declined to obey the orders of a Pretender who not unnaturally assumed that he must be a traitor. The more thoughtful Carlist leaders apprehend that, even if they could overthrow the Republic, they might perhaps not reap the fruits of victory. The majority of the nation which three or four years ago supported a Constitutional Monarchy has probably been reinforced by converts from Republican theory as it has been exemplified in practice. The Republicans took advantage of the timidity and of the divisions of their opponents to obtain power by surprise. Since the date of their success they have proved to demonstration their inability to maintain good government or national unity. The Monarchical Moderates and Progressists have prudently abstained from any attempt to accelerate the reaction which they may reasonably anticipate. Their leaders have even offered their aid to the only honest Republican Minister who still survives the failure and disruption of his party. CASTELAR has already held power longer than any of his recent predecessors; and as he has got rid of the Cortes, and will soon be relieved from the embarrassment of the Carthagean insurrection, he may perhaps maintain himself for a few months longer. Behind him there is no available leader of the Republican party; and his succession will probably devolve on the adherents of DON ALFONSO. Notwithstanding the pertinacious prejudice of Admiral TOPETE against the family of Queen ISABELLA, her son is now the only possible candidate of those advocates of Monarchy who are not prepared to acknowledge DON CARLOS. No foreign aspirant will tempt

the fate of King AMADEO; and, when the Republic has become impossible, it will be necessary to choose between the absolutist and the constitutional Pretender. No military chief of any faction has either the ability or the reputation which could enable him to become a competitor for supreme power.

One of the oddest incidents of anarchy and civil war is the explosion of the antipathy to England which is ordinarily latent. Englishmen are accustomed to vilification, and neither Spain nor any other country will ever exceed the injustice and violence of the Americans during their domestic troubles; but the hostility which the Carthagena insurgents share with the Republicans of Madrid is unusually whimsical. Admiral YELVERTON has on several occasions saved the rebels from the crime, and some towns on the coast from the inconvenience, of a bombardment; but he has in the most courteous manner abstained from interfering with the belligerents on either side when they have seemed likely to screw up their courage to the pitch of fighting. If an English squadron had destroyed or captured the insurgent fleet, all parties in Spain would have unanimously denounced the jealousy which had prompted an attack on a rival maritime Power, as Spanish historians persuade their countrymen that the main object of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S Peninsular campaigns was the ruin of certain cotton manufactories at Madrid. Of the two adverse complainants the insurgents are the less unjust. The capture of the *Almanza* and *Vittoria* and the subsequent transfer of the vessels to the possession of the Spanish Government was an undoubted violation of neutrality; but it is difficult to understand why the party which profited by the irregularity should habitually denounce the English Government. The capture of Spanish merchant vessels by the Carthagena squadron is an anomalous exercise or exaggeration of the rights of war; but the ships of a Government which can keep the sea against its enemies cannot be treated as pirates. The German, the French, and the American cruisers on the coast abstain from treating the rebels as pirates without incurring the animosity which is concentrated on the English. When the insurrection has died out, it is highly probable that the Republican Government will allow the officers and crews of the rebel ships to escape with impunity, or perhaps to enter the regular service. It is highly undesirable that England should take part in a domestic quarrel, with a certainty of incurring the resentment of both parties.

FRENCH FINANCE.

M. MAGNE has presented to the PRESIDENT a careful and interesting Report on the financial position of France, and a very instructive portion of his statement consists of an elaborate tabular comparison of the Budgets of 1869 and 1874. The Budget of 1869, which is taken as the last year unaffected by the war, contemplated an income of 74 millions sterling and an expenditure of less than 71. The Budget of 1874 contemplates an income of 100 millions sterling and an expenditure of an almost exactly equal amount. Thus France has now to find 30 millions sterling a year more than before the war. How does this happen? The loans raised have imposed an additional charge of 16 millions sterling. The Government has borrowed 60 millions of the Bank of France, and is to repay it with interest at one per cent. by instalments of eight millions a year. To the 16 millions interest on the new loans there is therefore to be added eight millions for the repayment of the Bank of France, or 24 millions out of the 30 millions of increased expenditure. It must be observed that the total cost of the war is taken by M. MAGNE at 371 millions sterling, while the loans produced 270 millions, and the Bank lent 60. The war therefore cost 40 millions more than the public loans and the loan from the Bank supplied. This surplus was provided by borrowing, or rather not paying, 13 millions, representing the value of the portion of the Eastern Railway taken over by the Germans in part payment of the indemnity, by raising 12 millions in 1872 and 1873 through increased taxation, and by the application of various sums at the disposal of the Government, especially the reserves of the Military Savings Banks, and a sum of four millions sterling authorized to be borrowed in addition to the 270 millions produced by the public loans already mentioned. One instalment of eight millions was repaid to the Bank in 1872, and M. MAGNE sees his way to repaying a second instalment of eight millions in the financial

year of 1873; and if the remaining instalments are punctually paid, the expenditure of 1879 will provide for the final liquidation of the Bank advance. From that year the 30 millions of excess now apparent beyond the Budget of 1869 will be reduced to 22 millions. How much further it will be reduced is very difficult to say. To the 16 millions of interest on the new loans must be added a million representing the interest on the money due to the Eastern Railway Company, and that on the four millions loan still to be raised. Thus 17 millions sterling will be a permanent charge, until France enjoys once more a credit in the markets of the world which will permit the conversion of the recent loans into loans bearing a lower rate of interest than five per cent. A margin of five millions thus remains; and if we examine the details of the estimates of 1874 we find that the army, apart from the cost of restocking it with new materials of war, requires four millions sterling a year now beyond what it required in 1869. Much of this increase must be permanent, partly because the war has made necessary a reorganization of the army on a more expensive scale, and partly because the funds in hand for providing for the calls on the military chest have been spent. Three millions is a moderate amount to reckon as a permanent increase on this and other heads, and if we add this sum to the 17 millions of interest on loans, we have a permanent increase of 20 millions. If all other things remained the same, we might therefore say that France will have to pay 30 millions increase until 1879, and 20 millions afterwards. It is not of course probable that after 1879 it will be true that France will then be spending 90 millions as against 70 millions in 1869, because prices will probably rise before then, the expenditure on public works is now cut down to a very low figure, and France saves at present nearly a million by not having a Monarchy. But we may take 20 millions as the basis of permanent increase attributable to the war, to which will have to be added the additional expenditure if prices rise, if a Monarchy is restored, and if public works are again pushed forward.

The 100 millions sterling above mentioned is not, however, the whole expenditure of 1874. In addition to the Ordinary Budget, M. MAGNE, after the fashion of French financiers, has an Extraordinary Budget, under which seven millions more are to be spent, five millions being devoted to supplying the army with new material of war. But M. MAGNE has, according to his figures, got the money for this, though there is more obscurity in his statements on this head than on any other. He says that he shall meet this call on the public purse with the proceeds of the balance of the Public Loan not yet issued, and make out the remainder from the sums he has still to get from the Bank. He also goes into some calculations which seem to show that he will have something over to meet the Extraordinary Budgets of future years, if any are wanted. Experience shows that Extraordinary Budgets are almost always wanted by French financiers. The Extraordinary Budget of 1869 amounted to nearly five millions sterling; and as this Extraordinary Budget of 1869 is included in the 70 millions of that year's expenditure, while the 100 millions of the Budget of 1874 is only the sum of the ordinary Budget, the real way of stating the facts seems to be that the Ordinary Budget of 1874 exceeds that of 1869 by 35 millions, and that the Extraordinary Budget of 1874 is seven millions as compared with the five millions of 1874; but that, as the whole of the seven millions of 1874 is to be provided by borrowing, the total charge to be met by current taxes is only 30 millions more than it was in 1869. But, then, will Extraordinary Budgets ever cease in France? If there was an Extraordinary Budget in 1869 of five millions, why should there not be in 1879? What figure we are to add as the permanent average of future Extraordinary Budgets is of course only guesswork, but something must be taken, or no allowance is made for the financial habits of the French. With all that we recollect of French finance for many years, it does not seem at all an exaggeration to estimate the permanent Extraordinary Budget at a little over three millions. The real permanent increase after 1879 may therefore be taken at 23 millions and a fraction, or one-third of the 70 millions which the taxpayers paid in 1869. Every taxpayer in France will thus, in consequence of the war of 1870, pay after 1879 1s. 4d. where he paid a shilling in 1869, and for the sum to be repaid to the Bank until 1879 we have to add about three-halfpence more. The expenditure of the French Government before the war was very much the same as that of the English Government. We may call 70 millions sterling in round numbers the expenditure of

each. To compare what the English taxpayer pays with what the French taxpayer pays if the same sum is to be produced in both nations, would be a task extremely laborious and complicated if done accurately; but for rough and ready purposes we are not far wrong in taking the taxpayers of the two countries as on the same level; and it will, we think, bring home to the ordinary Englishman the exact pecuniary consequences of the French war with a degree of clearness that big figures cannot produce, if we say that the net results of the war place the French in the same position as we should be if we had for the next six years to pay 1s. 6d., and ever after 1s. 4d., where we now pay a shilling of Imperial taxation.

M. MAGNE in his Report insists with great prudence and firmness on two fundamental points—that taxation shall be increased to any point necessary to inspire the conviction that the nation is prepared to meet the calls on it out of revenue; and, secondly, that the advance of the Bank of France shall be repaid punctually as the instalments fall due. On the latter point it is specially necessary that he should insist, as every groaning taxpayer must fondly say to himself how easy and pleasant it would be not to pay the Bank, but merely to owe it the money, paying a higher interest for it, so far as the lowness of the interest now paid is determined by the agreement to repay the principal in a given time. The use of repaying the Bank is twofold. It is the necessary preliminary of a return to a metallic currency, and until France returns to a metallic currency a great deal of business by which the country used formerly to profit must be lost to it. In the next place, the value of the banknote is in a great measure determined by the good faith which the Government keeps with the Bank, and the knowledge possessed by the public that something is being done steadily and without fail, year by year, to make the notes once more convertible into coin. The issue of the Bank has increased in the last twelvemonth from about 105 millions to about 120 millions sterling, and it is scarcely possible that this increase should have been made without a fall in the value of the paper currency, unless the holders of notes have been inspired with confidence by the resolution of the Government and nation to submit to very great sacrifices in order to fulfil the engagement with the Bank. For the year 1874 M. MAGNE finds, as things now stand, a deficiency of seven millions, which has arisen mainly through the withdrawal of the projected duties on raw materials and the abolition of the tax on shipping, and the large increase in the sum which has to be paid to guaranteed railways. M. MAGNE first proceeds to diminish the proposed outlay of the year by a sum of nearly two millions, and then he proposes to raise, by an increase of taxation, between five and six millions, so as not only to balance the Budget, but to have a surplus of more than half a million. His mode of getting what he wants is simplicity itself. He would like to show financial genius and devise new taxes, but he frankly owns that neither he nor any one he has consulted can think of any, except on a very insignificant scale. He accordingly asks that existing taxes may be increased, which, as he justly remarks, is much the easiest way of attaining the desired result, although theoretically it may not be a very good way. He is especially sorry to have to propose an augmentation of the duty on salt, as he has repeatedly spoken against proposals for such an augmentation. But he wants money so much that he is now obliged to forget his own oratory. More than half of what he wants is to be got by putting an increase of half a decime on registration duties, indirect contributions, sugar, salt, and goods carried at a slow rate by railways. There is little interest in the details of this proposal. M. MAGNE makes no pretensions to improve the existing system of taxation, or to approximate towards an equal imposition of burdens. His only thought is how to get the money, and to discover the shape in which additional revenue can be most quickly and easily voted by the Assembly, and collected and paid into the Treasury. All he has to say by way of defence for himself, and comfort for the taxpayer, is, that the financial state of things which he now contemplates is only temporary. Before very long the Treaties of Commerce by which France is now bound will expire, and then the opportunity will come for originality in financing; while in any case a few years will see the Bank paid off, and then what is put on now can be easily remitted, and the taxpayer have his burdens lightened.

THE POLICE.

A VERY serious question has again been raised as to the character of the Metropolitan Police. We say again, because unfortunately it is not a new question. Those who pay any attention to the proceedings in the police courts must have observed that the question turns up there with increasing frequency, and it has been presented more than once in precisely the same form as at the present moment. Four years ago several bank clerks were accused of disorderly conduct in the Haymarket, but the magistrate said he did not believe the evidence of the police, and dismissed the charge against the clerks. Now, as it happens, it is several officers of the First Life Guards, instead of bank clerks, who have to complain of the police; but of course the social position of the victims does not affect the quality of the outrage. The persons of officers of the Life Guards are not more sacred than those of other people. It is certainly to be regretted that Colonel FRASER and his subalterns should have been rudely handled by the police, and should have had the unpleasantness of having to appear at the bar of a police court. But, if this were all, it would be comparatively a small matter. It might be said that police constables are only men, that they are liable to make mistakes like other people, and that even Guardsmen must take the risk of suffering from a mistake with the rest of the public. The seriousness of the thing lies in the relation which this case bears to other cases of a similar kind. Only the other day a barrister was dragged to a police cell on a charge of being drunk, and was then further charged with being disorderly because he resented a blow from one of the constables. The magistrate held that he was quite sober. Several correspondents of the *Times* complain of similar outrages. One of these—a doctor—having remonstrated with a constable on the brutality of his behaviour to a man in his custody, was himself kicked, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and narrowly escaped conviction. In his cell he found a young gentleman who was charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance, but whom he knew, as a medical man, to be perfectly sober. Two other instances are also given in which an attempt to take the number of a constable immediately led to a counter-charge of disorderly behaviour. It is impossible to suppose that these cases are isolated or accidental. They indicate a dangerous temper on the part of the police, and this temper is pretty sure to be exhibited when occasion offers. When people suffer in this way there is a strong temptation to say nothing about it. Many men would rather submit to a kick or a blow than appear in a police court, with a regiment of policemen ready to swear that they were drunk and riotous; and when the magistrate has once given his decision, it is less disagreeable to pay the fine than to attract greater publicity to the case by denouncing the police. It may be assumed, therefore, that the cases of this sort which come to light are only a small proportion of those which really happen.

It is unnecessary to repeat in detail the story of the officers of the Life Guards; but there is one point upon which, if the magistrate has been correctly reported, it is necessary to make a remark. The officers came into collision with the police at the Argyll Rooms; and Mr. KNOX is reported to have said that "the first thing that astonished him was to find Colonel FRASER and four young officers 'going to the Argyll Rooms.'" He added that if they went there "they must expect possibly that certain things might 'happen'; but that was a matter which concerned Colonel 'FRASER himself.'" Mr. KNOX did not explain what things he meant; but he can hardly have intended to suggest that people who go to the Argyll Rooms must be prepared to be beaten by the police and falsely charged with disgraceful rioting. We are not at present called upon to discuss the character of the Argyll Rooms, or the propriety of allowing such establishments to be open at all. It is enough that the magistrates have licensed the Argyll Rooms, and they certainly did so with their eyes open and knowing perfectly well what sort of a place it is. There was a discussion on the subject, and a licence was granted by the casting vote of the chairman, who said he would on this occasion give way to his feelings of good nature. Mr. KNOX might have said that he was astonished that the magistrates should license a house of this kind; but if such places are open, it is certain that people will go to them, and those who go have as much right, not only to the civility, but to the protection, of the police as if they were in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. The best way to look at the case is to dismiss from

the mind all reference to officers of the Life Guards and to the Argyll Rooms. A number of men were in a public place; a question arose as to whether they were blocking up a passage, and the police immediately set upon them, shook them violently, bumped them against the wall, and then carried them off to the station-house and falsely charged them with behaving in a disorderly manner. This, at least, is the magistrate's summing-up of the evidence. He said he believed that the defendants were sober, that they did not strike the constables, and that they were treated with great violence; and also that there was great excess on the part of the police. Of course the magistrate may have been mistaken in taking this view of the case. All we have to go upon is that this was the view he took, and that he therefore dismissed the charges against the defendants. If this decision is correct, it has a very serious bearing on the character of the police. There were some half-dozen policemen concerned in the affair; they all told the same story and backed up each other; and the magistrate held that their evidence was unworthy of belief. This is obviously a very grave thing to say in regard to such men. They are not casual witnesses, who appear for once in court, and are never likely to be connected with any other case. They are permanent officials, who are constantly making charges and giving evidence; and upon their evidence, if they remain in the force, the liberty and characters of a vast number of persons will depend. Some of our contemporaries have remarked on this state of affairs that it is impossible it can rest here. We hope so too, but we have not forgotten the case of the bank clerks. Mr. BRUCE, who was then Home Secretary, declined to put the policemen on their trial, and said that they were men of excellent character, although one at least of them had previously distinguished himself in other instances by his recklessness and brutality. The result was that the men whose evidence the magistrate refused to accept were retained in the force *pour encourager les autres*.

We have now Mr. LOWE instead of Mr. BRUCE at the Home Office, and Mr. LOWE may possibly be disposed to take a line of his own. He once spoke disrespectfully of the money market when he was at the Treasury, and he may perhaps show himself equally independent of the traditions of his new department. There are one or two facts which may be pointed out for his consideration. Nobody can pretend that the character of the police has been improving of late years; on the contrary, it has been notoriously, and even avowedly, deteriorating. The number of cases in which the evidence of the police is rejected as unworthy of confidence appears to be increasing. There are at present some half-dozen murders—the Eltham murder, the Hoxton murder, the Great Coram Street murder, the Thames mystery, and several others—to which they have been unable to discover any clue; and the manner in which the German clergyman was treated in the Great Coram Street case supplies a startling example of the reckless stupidity with which such matters are taken in hand. The Chief Commissioner complains in his latest Report that the number of assaults on the police is continually increasing; but an explanation of this may perhaps be found in the behaviour of the police to the public. It is not every one who has the disciplined self-possession of Colonel FRASER and his companions; and it is not surprising that constables should occasionally find their violence repaid in kind. Then, again, there was the mutiny of last year; so that, while the relations between the police and the public are becoming worse, the domestic condition of the police can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. It is impossible to put all these things together without coming to the conclusion that there is something wrong with the constitution or administration of the force. Nor do we think it is very difficult to discover the origin of the malady. Take the case of the bank clerks in 1869. The constables, notwithstanding the judicial decision against them, were retained in the force. Take the mutiny of 1872. Here again we find the same weakness and the same surrender of discipline. The men were forbidden to agitate for an advance of pay; they agitated, and at once got what they wanted; and, with a few exceptions, the mutineers were taken back into the service.

But there is something more than weakness in the management of the force; there is also a radical error of principle. The idea of those who command the police seems to be that the reputation of the force must be supported at all hazards, and that it must be defended against the public as if against a natural enemy. It

might have been expected that the Chief Commissioner and his associates would feel bound to consider the public at least as much as the body over which they are placed; but this does not appear to be their view. Whenever any scandal or outrage occurs, every effort is made to hush it up and smooth it over. It is natural and reasonable that the Commissioners should endeavour to defend their men against what they believe to be unjust attacks; but apparently they do not understand that the most effectual means of defence, when charges are brought against any member of the force, is to encourage, and not to try to stifle, inquiry. It is true that when a conflict of evidence occurs it may be difficult to say on which side the falsehood is; but it would at least be well that the police should know that, if they cannot justify themselves clearly and decisively in making accusations, they must expect to suffer for it. The object should be to make the police exceedingly careful in bringing charges and giving evidence, and the only way to make men careful is to fasten responsibility sharply upon them. At present there is practically hardly any check on police testimony. A constable is led to expect promotion in proportion as he displays his activity in getting up cases; he is rarely cross-examined, and what one constable says, all the rest feel bound in honour to maintain. It is this false idea of what is required by the honour of the corps which is at the bottom of the mischief. It would seem that it was not until after Colonel FRASER called out to his companions not to strike the police, but to take their numbers, that the police became especially violent. In Mr. BELT's case, and in the case of the *Times*' other correspondents, the same thing may be observed. It is evident that the tactics of the police are to turn upon any one who dares to criticize their behaviour or to hint at a complaint, and to charge him with misconduct. This is, of course, a system of terrorism, and terrorism of a kind against which the public are, as individuals, particularly helpless; and we are sorry to say that it has to a certain extent been encouraged by the authorities.

It is to be hoped that Mr. LOWE will not repeat Mr. BRUCE's mistake, but will insist upon a full public investigation of the charges against the police. The only way to maintain the character of such a force is by strict and rigid, but not necessarily harsh, discipline. Whenever any doubt is thrown on the testimony of the police by a magisterial decision, the constables in question should at once be considered to be on their trial, and the trial should be an open one. A private inquiry at Scotland Yard may satisfy the Commissioners, but it will certainly not satisfy the public. The whole of our arrangements with regard to prisoners waiting trial are barbarous in the extreme. A superior class of officials ought to be on duty at the various stations to decide whether charges should be recorded, and medical advice should at least be within call. It is much easier than is perhaps supposed to make a sober man appear to be drunk and disorderly by the simple process of shaking him violently, squeezing his throat, and bumping his head against a wall; and there are many cases of sickness which are mistaken for drunkenness. It is impossible not to observe without regret and alarm the growing antagonism between the public and the police, especially when we reflect how artificial after all is the protection which the latter afford, and how much their authority depends on character and prestige. It is an antagonism which is at once unnatural and unnecessary, and it is of the greatest importance that an endeavour should be made without delay to restore the reputation of the force.

AUSTRIA, GERMANY, AND EASTERN EUROPE.

THE Turkish Government is, with tardy prudence, patching up a quarrel with Austria in which it had rashly become involved. The dispute began with complaints from the Christian inhabitants of a border province of oppression practised by their Mussulman neighbours. In Bosnia religious divisions are not connected with distinctions of race, for a considerable part of the population during the height of the Ottoman power voluntarily adopted the dominant faith; but in the East religion forms a stronger bond of union than language or national origin; and it is highly probable that some at least of the grievances of the Bosnian Rayahs may be well founded. The Austro-Hungarian Government interfered with representations on behalf of the complainants; and its right to remonstrate

seems to have been admitted by the appointment of a Joint Commission, which included among its members the Austrian Consul in Bosnia. Before the result of the inquiry was officially known the Turkish Government circulated a separate Report, in which the Austrian Consul was denounced as the leader and instigator of the Bosnian malcontents. About the same time, and perhaps in consequence of the provocation given by the Porte, Prince MILAN of Serbia was received by the Emperor of AUSTRIA without the introduction of the Turkish Ambassador. If the troubles in Bosnia were really caused by the intrigues of Austrian functionaries, it would have been judicious not to call public attention to an interference which might gradually assume the form of a protectorate. The Austrian Government seems to have believed that the conduct of Turkey was intentionally unfriendly; and the matter was thought sufficiently serious to form a subject of discussion between Count ANDRASSY and Prince BISMARCK during the late visit of the German Emperor to Vienna. In consequence of the Austrian Minister's representations, the German Ambassador at Constantinople has been instructed to warn the VIZIER that no support was to be expected from the Imperial Government of Berlin in any diplomatic contest with Austria. The intimation has been sufficient to effect its object; and it is now announced that the Porte is ready to offer any satisfaction which may be required by the Austrian Government, and that Count ANDRASSY has replied to the Turkish overtures in a conciliatory tone. If there were no other reason for avoiding squabbles with neighbouring Powers, the present anxiety of the Turkish Government to re-establish its pecuniary credit in European money markets would furnish sufficient reason for renewing amicable relations with Austria.

It is not surprising that the Russian Ambassador, General IGNATIEFF, supported the recommendations of his German colleague. There can be no doubt that the Emperor ALEXANDER is sincere in his determination to maintain his intimate alliance with Germany; and, as soon as Prince BISMARCK interested himself in repressing the unseasonable pretensions of the Porte, the Russian Embassy could scarcely fail to support his demands. Nevertheless it is suspected, on plausible grounds, that the whole disturbance was originally promoted by Russia. The old question of *Cui bono*, or who is to be the gainer by a quarrel between Turkey and Austria, admits of only one answer. It has always been the wish of England to promote the most cordial feeling between the Ottoman Government and the Power which is above all others interested in preventing foreign aggression on Turkey. France at present takes but little part in Eastern diplomacy; nor could Marshal MACMAHON or his Ministers have any intelligible motive for encouraging dissension between Turkey and Austria. It is well known that since the acquiescence of England in the repudiation by Russia of the Treaty of 1856, the Porte has cultivated the friendship and protection of its ancient adversary. General IGNATIEFF would probably see without regret the dissolution of the natural alliance between Austria and Turkey; and he might not unnaturally be inclined to stimulate the jealousy of the Porte against a claim of interference on behalf of its Christian subjects. In some of the narratives of recent occurrences probable conjecture has been enlarged into positive statements that General IGNATIEFF was the author of the misunderstanding with Austria. It would appear that he has not so far committed himself as to be unable now to recommend a policy of conciliation. The designs of Russia against Turkey have for some time past been suspended, although there is no reason to suppose that they have been abandoned. Only three years have elapsed since the denunciation of the Treaty of Paris; and neither the arsenals and fortifications of the Crimea nor the Black Sea fleet have yet approached completion. The extension of the Empire in Central Asia occupies the attention and the resources of the Russian Government, and there is at present no prospect of a European war. It is probable that Russian statesmen are consciously unable to foresee the results of German preponderance on the Continent; and the establishment of cordial relations between Germany and Austria cannot fail to affect all political calculations.

No Turkish Government can believe that the national interest could be consulted by a rupture with Austria; but perhaps crafty politicians may rely on the material interests which would prevent irritation from growing into settled hostility. Those Turkish Ministers who have during the present generation been worthy of the name of statesmen have been careful neither to repose excessive confidence in

Russia nor to alienate the good will of Austria; but personal feelings have much to do with Oriental policy; and it is possible that since the loss of his ablest advisers the SULTAN may prefer private and domestic objects to the welfare of his dominions. He is understood to be strongly bent on a scheme for altering the Ottoman law of succession, so as to prefer the son of the deceased sovereign to the eldest male of the Imperial family. The firman which was lately granted to the KHEIVÉ contains a similar provision for the descent of the supreme power in Egypt; and there can be little doubt that the SULTAN welcomed the opportunity of establishing a precedent which may apply to the succession in his own family. The Russian Ambassador may perhaps have countenanced the SULTAN's natural desire, which indeed might coincide with the public interest if only Turkish institutions were strong enough to bear the shock of a change. The succession of brothers, which may sometimes be expedient in warlike ages and in an unsettled condition of society, involves the gravest disadvantages. In the family of OTHMAN, the sanguinary precautions which jealousy of collateral successors formerly suggested gave rise to the proverbial charge of fratricide against the Turkish Sultans. In milder times the reigning Emperor has every temptation to regard his brothers as his own enemies, and as the rivals of his sons; and at the best he feels that he is only a life tenant, and perhaps thinks that he is not required to care greatly for a dominion which is not destined to pass to his descendants. There is undoubtedly a risk in possible minorities and regencies, but the balance of convenience would be in favour of direct inheritance and primogeniture, if only it were possible to guard against the risk of a disputed succession.

Although Prince BISMARCK has never publicly announced his opinions on Eastern policy, the interests of Germany afford a sufficient clue to his probable intentions or wishes. When Mr. COBDEN's political sympathies came for once into conflict with his devotion to the doctrine of peace, he peremptorily declared that the Northern Americans ought never to desist from war until they had reconquered the free navigation of the Mississippi. Less philanthropic politicians may affirm with equal confidence that a vigorous ruler of the German Empire would not tolerate the possession by Russia of the mouths of the Danube. The occupation of the lower course of the river by Austria might perhaps be thought less objectionable; but the left bank from the Austrian frontier to the sea is already subject to the nominal and qualified sovereignty of a Prussian Prince. The House of HOHENZOLLERN, like the House of COBURG, maintains a Catholic branch for the accommodation of those Latin nations which may happen to require a King Consort or a new dynasty. Coburg Kings occupy the orthodox thrones of Belgium and Portugal; and three or four years ago a Catholic HOHENZOLLERN was on the point of becoming King of Spain. His brother had already acquired the precarious sovereignty of the Danubian Principalities, under the feudal and theoretical superiority of the Porte. Prince CHARLES of Roumania married a Russian Princess, who has at present no children; and a younger brother has lately arrived in the Principality to make himself familiar, in anticipation of a possible vacancy, with the language and customs of the country. Neither of the Princes would be disposed to act without the sanction of the Imperial chief of the House of HOHENZOLLERN, and it may therefore be presumed that the German Government intends for the present to control the Danubian provinces through a dependent ally. The claims of the Turkish Government will cause no embarrassment, and they may sometimes serve a diplomatic purpose, when it is found convenient to insist on the necessity of referring any complaint of a foreign Government to Constantinople. As long as Germany and Austria act in concert, the Eastern question is not likely to endanger the peace of Europe.

THE WORK OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

IT was hardly to be hoped that the second election of a School Board for London should not be an occasion of disappointment to the friends of elementary education. Three years seem a long time to look forward to, and calculations of what may be done in it are rarely borne out by the record of actual work. When the Board was first appointed the real difficulties of making elementary education universal were known to few, and it was allowable to be sanguine of the results which the new machinery would achieve. Now that the term of office of the first members

has come to an end this new machinery is found to be an improvement indeed on the old, but only an improvement. The educational condition of London is better than it was in 1870, but it has undergone no revolution. Men who have passed through some spiritual crisis often find their old habits returning upon them insensibly; and after three years' experience of the London School Board the familiar difficulties about getting children to school and keeping them there seem to recur with scarcely diminished intensity. The statement of what has been done prepared by direction of the Board shows that much of this shortcoming is attributable to the extent of the foundations that have to be laid in order to secure that the work shall stand. The labour of ascertaining the amount of school accommodation requiring to be provided was not slight. On the theory that the number of children in regular attendance at elementary schools should amount to one-sixth of the population, the Board would have had to provide about 252,000 school-places. But in many parts of London the proportion of children who must be withdrawn from this number as belonging to the middle and upper classes is very much beyond the average. The Board accordingly worked out the question themselves. They took a list of the children of school age who slept in London on the night of the 2nd of April, 1871, and made inquiries from house to house into the circumstances of every one of them. The result of this process was to reduce the number of necessary places to 112,000, while voluntary schools supply about 308,000 places. When these figures are looked at side by side, they sufficiently answer the charge that the Board has set up schools out of simple rivalry to existing schools. The estimate that there are 112,000 children in London requiring school accommodation will seem to many persons extraordinarily small. It is less than the estimates given nine years ago by the London Diocesan Board of Education and by the Committee of the Bishop of London's Fund, in both of which no reference was made to any but Church schools. Room has already been found for 50,000 out of the 112,000, and when all the new schools now in course of building are finished, there will be places for 86,000 children. When to these are added the 21,000 children accommodated in temporary buildings, the discrepancy between the demand and the supply will not appear very great. To a certain class of objectors, of which Canon GREGORY may be considered as the type, and the meeting at St. James's Hall on Thursday as the field-day, the Board appears to have built schools without sufficient regard to the fact that the ground is already occupied by voluntary schools. This is certainly not the case as regards London generally; and even if a Board school should here and there, from difficulty in obtaining a site, or from miscalculation, be set down unnecessarily near to a voluntary school, it is hardly a matter that calls for serious comment. If the new school is not wanted at this moment, it is certain to be wanted as soon as compulsion comes fully into operation, and, considering how often the provision of school accommodation lags behind the need of it, we may be patient with the rare cases in which the need is anticipated.

The facts bearing on the application of the compulsory by-laws are less satisfactory. Since the spring of 1871 there has been an increase in the average attendance at efficient schools of 59,425 children, of whom 26,261 are in Board schools and 33,164 in voluntary schools. So far there is an undoubted gain, but it is a gain which is counterbalanced by the continuance of a large number of children in inefficient schools. The figures given by Mr. HOLLOND in the *Times* have not been challenged by either of the members of the School Board who have replied to his letter. From these figures it appears that in Old Castle Street, Whitechapel, there is a Board school accommodating 1,200 children, but having a daily attendance of only 200. This is "in the midst of a dense, ragged, and semi-criminal population" which could furnish the missing thousand at a moment's notice. The explanation of the children's absence is that large numbers of them professedly attend a Ragged School a little distance off. According to Mr. HOLLOND, this school is utterly deficient in plant and in educational power, while the attendance of the children is very irregular. We can easily believe, therefore, that children may be on the books of the schools for years without mastering the first rudiments of education. It is clear that attendance at such a school as this ought not to serve as a reasonable excuse to a summons under the by-laws; but the School Board has hitherto refrained from taking proceedings in

these and similar cases. At first sight it may seem that the Board has in this respect been culpably lenient; but Mr. E. N. BUXTON's letter in the *Times* of Wednesday shows that something can be said in its defence. Until lately parents living in these districts have been urged to send their children to the Ragged Schools. They have now been told that they are no longer to be allowed to keep them at home, and it is a very natural inference that they will sufficiently comply with the law by doing what they have so constantly been bidden to do. If, when they do this, they were treated as breakers of the law, Mr. BUXTON is right in saying that they would be simply puzzled. The true way out of the difficulty would be for the managers of Ragged Schools to discontinue their work. Ragged Schools were once useful as a stop-gap in the absence of anything better; they are now for the most part mischievous. They rarely give an efficient secular education, and they have little or no power of securing regular attendance. Every one of the children now in the Ragged School to which Mr. HOLLOND refers would, if it were closed, be obliged to attend the Board school in Old Castle Street.

There is very little chance, however, that the managers of this and similar institutions will be persuaded to take this course. They have probably opened the school for religious rather than for educational purposes, and Mr. BUXTON is no doubt right in thinking that the great obstacle to their being closed is the fear which the managers feel that, if the children are handed over to the Board schools, they will be taught no religion. It is useless to reason with a conviction of this sort. It would be almost easier to convince school managers that their religion is false than to convince them that, even if it be true, a Ragged School is no longer the proper place in which to teach it. How such fears are to be overcome it is hard to say. Mr. BUXTON looks forward to a time when Ragged School managers will have "satisfied themselves that the religious teaching in Board schools is both earnest and thorough," and will consequently "no longer hesitate to transfer their children where they will receive in addition efficient secular teaching." We have no faith in this coming to pass, because we have no expectation that the religious teaching in Board schools in London will ever be of a kind to satisfy men who really care about religion. Thorough and earnest religious teaching will, in the great majority of cases, be what is called sectarian teaching; and though, so far as the Education Act is concerned, the religious teaching in a Board school may be completely sectarian—provided that it is not conveyed in authorized formularies—it is hardly possible that it should be so in schools founded by so composite a body as the London School Board. There are only two alternatives which seem at all adequate to meet the difficulty. One is that the School Board should come to an arrangement with the managers of Ragged Schools, under which persons appointed by them shall have the right of giving religious instruction at prescribed hours in the Board school, in consideration of the discontinuance of the Ragged School. The other is that the Board should give notice to the managers of the Ragged Schools that unless, after a reasonable interval, they can prove that their schools are efficient, the parents of the children in attendance at them will be proceeded against in the same manner as though they did not send their children to school. Mr. BUXTON is afraid that to do this on a large scale would only "shock public opinion and retard the acceptance of the principle of compulsion." Probably public opinion has rather a stronger stomach than Mr. BUXTON gives it credit for. It is plain that, if benevolent persons are allowed, on the plea of teaching children religion, to prevent their receiving efficient secular instruction, an immense loophole will be opened to evasion of every kind. There is no hardship in saying to such persons, You are at liberty to teach religion as much as you like, and you are at liberty to combine it with secular instruction, provided that this secular instruction be really what it professes to be. What you are not at liberty to do is to keep children away from Board schools under the pretext that they will receive efficient secular instruction in your schools, and then to provide instruction which is practically worthless. To do the public justice, there is no reason to suppose that they would be in any way shocked at managers of Ragged Schools being addressed in this way. If the London School Board is to condone inefficient schools lest the acceptance of the principle of compulsion should be retarded, so little good can come from such acceptance that it is hardly worth while to scheme for it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EVERYBODY has recently been reading Mr. Mill's Autobiography. The book, whatever else we may think of it, suggests one general remark. We may, that is, say of autobiographies what can be said of no other form of literature—namely, that they are almost invariably worth reading. The causes are obvious. The first conditions of good writing are that a man should be keenly interested in his subject, and that he should know more about it than other people. Everybody is, of course, interested in himself; and if, in one sense of the words, we are very apt to be more mistaken about our own characters than our neighbours, yet we are certainly in the possession of an amount of information upon the subject which enables us to speak as men having authority. Moreover, in this particular case we have the singular felicity of communicating more than we know. Scarcely any autobiography, however carefully the author may have kept in mind the fact that he was writing for a posthumous audience, is entirely free from some form of insincerity. But the veil which he may have drawn over his own character does not blind the reader, although it may be quite impenetrable to the writer. In telling us what he thinks of himself, he can hardly avoid letting us know what we ought to think of him. The interest which every one takes in his own life is an equally important condition of success. We may learn to know a man's character from other sources besides his direct statements. A collection of letters, for example, may form a kind of unintentional autobiography, which has the merit of being less consciously directed to produce a given impression. But then a man need not, and generally does not, put any large part of himself into his letters. He writes many of them wearily, and against the grain; a large part of them consists of mere barren facts; and it is only on special occasions that he allows his deepest emotions really to overflow into his correspondence. Now the very fact of sitting down to write about himself to his posterity, the solemn feeling that he will have passed from this world before his letter reaches its address, moves the strongest springs of character in any but the most frivolous of men. Confessions addressed to a priest are apt, as we may venture to assume without actual experience, to be of a mechanical and perfunctory nature; but we can hardly imagine any one who has put himself in presence of that mysterious confessor, the unborn reader of a coming generation, not to speak for once from the heart. That he may lie or exaggerate is unfortunately not improbable; but it is something to know what are the lies which a man likes to tell about himself under very impressive circumstances. Rousseau's *Confessions* is in many ways not a very nice book, and in some ways it is simply revolting; but few books have ever been written which exercise a more powerful, though it is a rather questionable, fascination. The spectacle of a man taking a morbid pleasure in revealing things about himself which many men, equally guilty, would have died rather than avow even to the remotest audience, is a kind of psychological curiosity which is worth whole libraries of dry statistics or of frigid argumentation. Rousseau is of course an exceptional case, even amongst autobiographers; but revelations of character, similar in kind though inferior in degree, let us into the secret of a man's nature, and even of the epoch which he represents, more rapidly than the most laboured analysis from outside inquirers.

Indeed it may be said, in some sense, that the autobiographical element in all literature is that which is the most permanently interesting. We see Shakespeare behind Hamlet, and even Milton behind Satan. The figure of the creator, dimly refracted through the artistic symbols, is what really interests, though its precise features may baffle us. Every great poet, however unconscious of the process, is really drawing his own portrait in his writings; and a sympathetic reader is always trying to reconstruct the worker from his works. But the more direct and conscious autobiographical purpose goes for a good deal in most powerful writing. It would be easy to illustrate this truth from the most impressive novels in the language. In many cases, of course, we are only left to conjecture. But we have recently learnt how much of Dickens's best writing was simply autobiography superficially disguised. Miss Brontë's novels were all but pure autobiography; and we need not point out how often Tom Jones was the representative of Fielding, or Roderick Random of Smollett. We must admit, however, that the argument is not strictly fair. Autobiography of the indirect kind is deficient in one of the main elements which give special interest to the undisguised variety. The writer does not feel that he is voluntarily placing himself on his trial; and he is, of course, at liberty to arrange, select, and modify as may seem good to him. He probably hopes that his personal interest in the matter will escape detection; and it may be urged, with some truth, that we are using the word autobiographical in a sense which makes it nearly identical with all expression of a man's most intimate emotions.

To descend, therefore, to the most genuine autobiographies, we may maintain that, even when written by men of no remarkable power, they have a value altogether disproportionate to their literary excellence. To take, for example, a familiar period, one may learn more of the true spirit of the eighteenth century in England from half-a-dozen autobiographies than from the most elaborate histories written by unimaginative people. If you wish to know what was the kind of animal generated by the political corruption of the period when "all men," or "all those men" (whichever be the correct version of the phrase), had their price, their most intimate peculiarities are laid bare in Bubb Dodgington's

Diary. No humourist could have drawn such a picture without being charged with gross exaggeration, and yet we instinctively recognize its entire, because unconscious, truthfulness. The utter want of any semblance of political principle, the total incapacity to recognize genius or virtue when he accidentally comes across it, the servile crawling before the contemporary distributors of patronage, coupled with an amusing indignation against the inferior wretches who try to curry favour by similar acts with himself—and all this covered by a decorous veil of unctuous sentiment, and an obviously genuine conviction that he is really one of the most deserving and least appreciated of mankind—compose altogether the portrait of a snob of the purest water by the side of which even Thackeray's keenest satire seems to be wanting in vividness. One can hardly avoid a feeling of gratitude to the writer who is so quietly probing his own weaknesses for our benefit, and placing himself in a museum of morbid anatomy, when he fancies himself to be claiming a niche in the temple of fame. Or, to take a less extreme case, a very interesting portrait of the ecclesiastic of the period is given by Bishop Newton. If not so consummate a snob as Dodgington, he yet shows a general complacency in commemorating the great men to whose favour he owed his elevation, and the lady by whose services he even succeeded in obtaining the notice of Royalty, which is in its way almost as touching. His most characteristic touch is the record of the episcopal achievements upon which he specially prided himself. He succeeded in demolishing a tenement occupied by a chimney-sweep in the immediate neighbourhood of the Deanery of St. Paul's, and managed to substitute for a certain fixed post which obstructed one of the approaches a post with a hinge fastened by a padlock. He obviously hopes that his posterity will feel a warm emotion of gratitude to the dignity who rendered such services to the Church, and values himself more upon his activity in that direction than upon the confutation of the Deists, which, with the help of Lord Bath's interest, smoothed his path to preferment. Newton's name suggests another admirable specimen of the worldly bishops who ornamented the period. Watson of Llandaff was a man of real power, though scarcely formed on the Evangelical model. He tells us, with the most charming frankness, how he became a professor of chemistry, though he knew nothing of the science; how he dropped his chemistry as soon as it had served his purpose to become professor of divinity, in equal ignorance of the study; how—of course from the highest motives—he resolved to limit his further theological studies to the Bible; and how, equally from the highest motives, he felt it to be his imperative duty, when at once bishop and professor, to live at a distance from his diocese and his University, in a charming residence on the banks of Windermere, and there to devote himself to agriculture and to providing for his children. He takes great credit for not abandoning himself to field sports or social dissipation, and is evidently convinced that he is a pattern prelate. It would of course be absurd to take such men as fair representatives of an epoch which was not devoid of many noble characters who did not happen to write their lives. But the worldly side of the dignitaries of that time, the utter want of any sense of responsibility or of any lofty ideal of life in many of the most conspicuous men of the day, could not be more forcibly portrayed by any amount of descriptive writing. A complementary picture might be added from Gibbon's admirable Autobiography. The celebrated account of his love affair, when he "sighed as a lover" and "obeyed as a son," distances in a few sentences the art of the most skilful novelists. Nowhere can we find a more effective description of the genuine student temperament, which prefers the pleasures of a library to all the excitements of social and active life; of the strong but limited intellect, supreme in accumulating and arranging facts, but utterly blind to their spiritual significance; and of the cynical conservatism which rejects all the faiths upon which society reposes, but shrinks with selfish indolence, instead of generous sympathy, from any proposal to follow up scepticism by destruction. None but the most powerful of imaginations could have conceived or described so forcible an illustration of a certain type of character and intellect; but Gibbon performs the task for himself quite unconsciously, and with absolute perfection.

When we contemplate such a group of characters we recognize the weakness of all external portraiture. A gallery of great or even of small men, painted by themselves, is more interesting than all the imaginary progeny of novelists. Perhaps it is a general condition of such writing that the authors must belong rather to the secondary class. To write an autobiography usually implies an estimate of your own importance which, if it is not irreconcilable with greatness, is more commonly indicative of weakness. A diseased vanity like that of Rousseau generally prompts the writer, though of course there are many conspicuous exceptions, to take posterity into his confidence. When we think of the autobiographies that have been written, we cannot fail to regret the absence of those that might have been written. If Shakespeare had condescended to let us into a few of the details which have puzzled generations of biographers, we could have afforded to sacrifice a good many of his inferior plays. Even when a man of first-rate eminence, like Goethe, condescends to give us some of his early recollections, he is apt rather to stimulate than to satisfy our curiosity. It is for the most part only the little or the eccentric writer who can tell us all about himself in a few pages, or who can fancy that the world would care to read, or has a right to exact, his confessions. And yet we must acknowledge the truth of the often-quoted remark that anybody who would give us a genuine

record even of the most insignificant life would contribute something of real value to our knowledge of human nature. Perhaps it would be as well if scruples could be quieted by a general understanding that everybody who has passed a certain period of life should compose his autobiography. It should be regarded as a duty, not as a voluntary sacrifice to vanity, for every human being to tell us as well as he could how he came to be such as he was, and in what spirit he discharged his duty and looked upon the universe generally. Of course we do not mean to imply that all such records should be published. Nobody who regards with awe, and something like dismay, the vast torrent of literature that is being constantly discharged upon the world would rashly make any proposal for increasing its volume. "The rain it raineth every day," and every day, too, brings its burden of stupidity, vanity, and folly with which somebody has thought fit to spoil a certain quantity of paper. Such records as we have suggested should, as a general rule, be preserved in the family of the writer; they would in most cases have a certain interest for his immediate descendants; and at the end of a generation those documents which appeared to be simply valueless might be committed to the flames, whilst a small minority might possibly be deserving of communication to the world. If, as we must fear would be inevitable, considerable masses of pure rubbish would thus be accumulated, there would also be certain grains of genuine and permanent value which on our present system are now lost to the world. One great incidental benefit would be that which was contemplated by Mr. Mill—namely, that the trade of the ordinary biographer, the person who panders to the appetite of the many-headed beast, would be to a great extent spoilt; as more authentic materials would destroy the necessity for those vast accumulations of useless details which often do duty for the lives of remarkable men.

THE PYRENEES.

IN his sensible and practical *Guide to the Pyrenees* Mr. Packe complains that very few Englishmen, in proportion to the crowds who flock to Switzerland, think it worth while to visit a mountain region which he declares to be superior to the Alps in many of the elements of beauty and picturesqueness. This complaint seems to us so far well founded that the Pyrenees certainly receive from the present generation of tourists and mountain-climbers far less attention than they deserve. At the great centres of resort, such as Luchon and Bigorre, some stray English shooting-coats, and now and then, but very rarely, an alpenstock or ice-axe, may be seen; but even at Luchon and Bigorre we doubt if more than two or three English people can be counted for every hundred who pass through Zermatt or Interlaken in the autumn months. On selfish grounds the traveller in the Pyrenees may be glad that it is so, and that he is not exposed to meet here, as he does in the Alps, all the familiar faces of Piccadilly. Nevertheless it is a real loss to our countrymen to know so little of a piece of country which is not only most charming in itself, but almost as unlike the Alps as it is to Norway or to the Highlands of Scotland.

That the Pyrenees are on the whole equal to the Alps in either majesty or in beauty, we cannot think that even the two enthusiasts who have done most to explore their recesses, Count Henry Russell and Mr. Packe himself, will seriously venture to maintain. In the first place, they are greatly inferior in height, no Pyrenean summit reaching twelve thousand feet, and only two, the Maladetta and Pic des Posets, exceeding eleven thousand. Owing to this and to their lying further south than the Alps, there is of course very much less snow; and the glaciers, although good so far as they go, are few in number and quite trifling in size, the biggest not more than three or four miles in length, and a good deal even of this rather to be called *névé* than glacier proper. For the same reason the glaciers do not descend nearly so low as in the Alps; and one has none of those exquisite contrasts of glittering ice with bright green pastures and fir woods which give such a charm to Chamouni and the valleys of the Oberland. In the Pyrenees, glaciers and snowfields lie far up near the axis of the chain, at the head of high and rocky valleys, difficult of access except to the stalwart pedestrian, and where that pedestrian will find at night no rest for his burning head and wearied limbs. Towards the centre of the range there are some spots—Gavarnie, for instance, the Lac de Gaube, and (in the neighbourhood of Luchon) the Lac d'Oo and Port de Venasque—from which these snow slopes and glaciers of the higher peaks may be well seen; and these views are very noble. But for the most part one scarcely discovers the snows from the valleys; and towards the two ends of the chain snow and ice are wanting altogether. How much the landscape suffers by this want, no one who has been on the Wengern Alp or the Gôrner Grat, or at Courmayeur or Macugnaga, needs to be told. Nor is there anything in the shapes of the mountains themselves, fine as they are, which quite atones for this defect. The higher peaks are usually very steep and rocky; and as there is a great deal of diversity in their geological structure—some, like the Maladetta and the Canigou, being composed of granite; others, Pic des Posets, for instance, and the noble Pic Balaitous, of schist; and others again, such as the Vignemale and the Mont Perdu with its cluster of attendant summits, of limestone—there is no want of variety in their forms. But few of them have anything very marked or striking about their outlines; they lack that sort of peculiar character which one gets to know a mountain

by, and for which one loves it, as one does Monte Viso, or the Aiguille Verte, or the Eiger, or the Gross Glockner, not to mention the Matterhorn, to which neither the Pyrenees nor any other chain can show a rival. Moreover, these Pyrenean peaks are too much of a height, and seem somehow, when you enjoy a wide view, to be crowded rather too much together. It is not merely that the valleys are narrow below, for so they are in the Alps; but towards their heads they do not spread out into great open spaces or plateaux, like those which we have round the Rifel, or in the Upper Engadin. In the Pyrenees a great mountain seems to have hardly room enough to show itself properly off, so much is it jostled by summits of scarcely inferior height which distract the attention, and deprive a wide view of the unity and centrality which a single dominant peak or group of peaks gives it. The Maladetta is an exception, for it stands well by itself; but the Maladetta lacks nobility of form; it is a long serrated ridge, whose highest top (Pic Néthou) lies away back from the side whence one commonly sees it, and by no means looks its height. Add to this that the Pyrenees want large lakes, though they have many beautiful little tarns whose vivid blue and green surpasses anything to be seen in the Alps, and it will be seen that they cannot sustain a comparison with the greatest mountain scenery of Switzerland and Savoy.

It may be fairer to compare them with those parts of the Alps which are of the same average height, such as large parts of Tyrol and Styria, the Bavarian highlands, or the mountains of Venetia; and against three of these regions they can fairly hold their own. They are bolder than anything in Styria, Salzkammergut, or Bavaria, though they want the exquisite lakes of the two latter; they are richer and warmer in tone than most parts of Tyrol, and in the views they afford of the great plain of France they possess an element of majesty which it cannot parallel. But the Venetian Alps, with even less snow than the Pyrenees, and of no greater height, have a weird splendour of form and a gorgeous variety of colour which one seeks in vain on either side of the Pyrenees. If the latter have any summit as grand as the tower-like Sasso di Pélmo, or any valley as marvellously picturesque in its changing scenes as that of the Cordevole, above and below Caprile, it remains to be discovered in the scarcely explored recesses of Aragon or Catalonia; and those parched and stony lands are the last place where one can expect to find it.

In spite of all that we have said, the Pyrenees have many and great charms, charms which would perhaps make them in time more dear to one who lived among them than the austere splendour of the Swiss Alps. The tone of colour is generally warmer, the wood in the valleys is richer than that of Switzerland or Tyrol, the flowers seem even more abundant and more brilliant. The high cols are not so long as in the Alps, so that one passes faster from vines up to snow, and down again from snow to vines. Then the rivers and brooks—and this is perhaps the most characteristic, as it is the most pervading, delight of the Pyrenees—are all bright and sparkling, dazzlingly white in their endless cascades, green as emerald in their great swirling pools. The country is a paradise to the bather, for there is water everywhere; it is always clear, and it is always cold. And a landscape-painter, what with this abundance of streams, the deep colours of the higher mountains, the soft warm tints and profuse vegetation of the narrow gorges below, would, we are inclined to think, find a far more copious material fit for sketching than in most parts of the Alps.

As regards facilities for travel, the Pyrenees are well off in one respect, and shockingly ill off in another. At all the fashionable bathing-places, Eaux Bonnes, Cauterets, St. Sauveur, Bagnères de Bigorre, Bagnères de Luchon, there are excellent hotels, certainly not more expensive than those of Switzerland, and for all practical purposes quite as comfortable. To be sure they are not managed with so much reference to English wants; but as one does not see Englishmen and Americans to right and left at the table-d'hôte, and is not persistently addressed in an unintelligible tongue by the English-speaking waiter, this is a defect which no sensible man will regret. But, out of these few familiar spots, the inns are mostly poor, and when one penetrates the recesses of the valleys, and endeavours to find a night's lodging well up on the mountains at more than four thousand feet above the sea, one finds either none at all, or some hovel compared to which a cave or a pine wood is in fine weather much to be preferred. With the single exception of the snug little hostelry at Gavarnie, there does not seem to be a single inn in the Pyrenees in keen bracing air where a mountaineer can count upon finding enduring food and enough of it, a clean bedroom, and a tolerable bed. There are but few at all, and those that exist, at Lac d'Oo, for instance, or Lac de Gaube, would tempt nobody to spend more than one night. This want of high inns is really the great drawback, in a mountaineer's eyes, to the enjoyment of Pyrenean scenery. For one wants not only to be able to mount a Pic or a Port without a long walk out of the hot valleys, but also to get familiar with the character of the mountains by living up among them, and seeing them under different conditions, at different hours and in all states of the atmosphere. And, setting climbing apart altogether, there is the pleasure of living in a keen, vivifying mountain air where one hardly needs to take exercise in order to gain appetite and health, and has wide views spread before one without the necessity of going to look for them. There are places in the Pyrenees which might in these respects be made to vie with Murren, or the Rifel, or St. Moritz; but they have not yet been, as the French say, utilized, and do not seem likely to be. For the ideal of Frenchmen and Spaniards is a

luxurious hotel in a warm valley, with cafés and ball-rooms and carriage-roads; and the English visitors are quite too scanty to be worth making special provision for. And therefore those few adventurous spirits who have explored the higher Pyrenees, and in particular Count Russell, who seems from his Guide to have climbed nearly every peak and pass, have laid their account to sleep constantly in the open air, which, to be sure, it is easier to do here than in the colder climate of the Swiss and German Alps. Up to eight thousand feet fuel may be found, and with a good warm sheepskin bag, a waterproof, and a guide to carry provisions, it is quite possible to have a pleasant night even without the shelter of a cave.

We have left ourselves no space to discuss the merits of the Pyrenees in other respects, scientific, artistic, and historical. The flora is very rich and varied, the geology extremely interesting, and still only partially explored, and there are many picturesque old towns in the lower valleys and scattered along the northern base of the mountains. The castles of Lourdes and Foix, the churches of St. Bertrand de Comminges, Luz, Bigorre, St. Lizier, Cornella, and many other places, are well worth seeing; and if bad weather suggests a run down into the plain, the student of mediæval architecture will find abundant occupation in Albi, Montauban, Toulouse, and, above all, in Carcassonne. As to Spain, the inexperienced might expect the same sort of pleasure in crossing into it, and noticing the contrasts of climate, vegetation, customs, architecture, which are so interesting when one passes from the German to the Italian side of the Alps. But the Spanish Pyrenees seems to be distinctly inferior in all respects (except as regards their botanical wealth) to the French. They are bare, dry, and stony; their forms are, speaking generally, less bold and noble than those of the more northern peaks; there are few villages in the upper valleys, and the *posadas* (inns), where they exist at all, are detestable. An enthusiast, whether of a scientific or artistic turn, may enjoy himself in the wilds of Catalonia and Aragon; but no one else will. Nor can the cities of Northern Spain be compared with those of Northern Italy. Barcelona, Saragossa, Pampelona, are not more inferior to Venice, Verona, and even Milan, than are lesser places like Puyceda Tolosa to Udine, or Brescia, or Como.

If in their higher regions the Pyrenees are more lonely and desolate than the Alps, the lower valleys, at least on the French side, seem much better peopled than those of Switzerland or Tyrol, and the inhabitants are a more genial and pleasant race, we will not say than the Tyrolese or Venetians, but than either the Swiss or the natives of central and northern France. Very fair guides, among them two or three really first-rate men, may be found at Eaux Bonnes, Cauterets, Gavarnie, and Luchon. And it is worth while to add that there is an excellent provision of guide-books. Besides the large and small editions of Joanne, which give the ordinary tourist all the information he needs, the pedestrian has Mr. Packe's excellent Guide (already referred to), and Count H. Russell's *Les grandes ascensions des Pyrénées*, a model in its way of clear and concise directions for the paths over the higher peaks and passes; and a great mass of valuable information respecting the natural history and the antiquities of the district has been published by the Société Raimond, whose headquarters are at Bigorre. If this society, to which and to whose distinguished and amiable President, M. Emilien Frossard, every one interested in the Pyrenees is under great obligations, could only succeed in inducing the communes, some of which are very wealthy, or private persons, to establish plain but comfortable inns high up on the mountains, as it has itself done on Pic du Midi de Bigorre, it would do the one thing that remains to make the Pyrenees one of the most attractive fields in Europe—in some ways the most attractive—for the mountain-climber as well as for the lover of picturesque beauty.

DECAY OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

THE Pope is reported the other day, in giving audience to the superiors of Religious Orders now dismissed from Rome, to have varied his customary invectives on the usurping Italian Government by a severe, but no doubt well merited, rebuke addressed to its latest victims. Providence, as we are often reminded, can make use of the most unlikely instruments, and in this case Victor Emmanuel is the unconscious minister of Divine retribution on the shortcomings of the banished communities. They had forgotten the spirit of their rule, and allowed a grievous laxity to creep in among them; and if ever they should be suffered in happier times to return to Rome, a searching reform will be required. Dispassionate or unfriendly critics, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, have said as much again and again, but the indictment has been resented as a malicious libel. Henceforth they can appeal to the authority of the supreme and infallible Pastor in evidence of its truth. Not long ago, for instance, Father Hyacinthe, at the very time when he was offering to return to the Carmelite Order, and declaring his unaltered admiration of "the monastic ideal," took occasion to observe that, after ten years' experience, his illusions as to its practical realization were completely dispelled, and that, while ready himself to re-enter his convent if he could do so without being called upon to violate his conscientious convictions, he would not advise others still free to undertake the conventual life, such as it now is. He had learnt, he said, by experience, where to put his finger on the irremediable evil of Religious Orders in their actual form, and was convinced that a

change in the very conditions of their existence could alone rescue them from decay. After such emphatic testimony from the most opposite quarters it would be mere waste of time to multiply proofs of a fact sufficiently notorious; but an inquiry into its causes could hardly fail to have a high interest, both theoretical and practical. Anything like a complete investigation of the subject would lie far beyond our limits, but a few suggestions which throw some light on it may be offered here. One great Order, indeed, does not appear to have been represented in the assemblage to which the Pope addressed himself, nor is it at all probable that his censure was designed to include the Jesuits. Their sins against society, and in one sense against morality, have no doubt been grave enough, graver indeed than any that can be laid to the charge of other religious bodies. But they are of a totally different kind, and are not of a nature to elicit Papal rebuke or to reflect on the characters of individuals. The latest historian of the Jesuits, Professor Huber, who is not likely to err on the side of a too favourable estimate, while noting occasional exceptions, fully admits that their personal conduct and undeviating fidelity to their rule have been, on the whole, unimpeachable. The main charge against them in fact comes pretty much to this—that they have loved their rule "not wisely but too well"; so well that they have persistently striven from the first to make it in substance, if not in form, the universal rule of Christendom. For the last three centuries, it has been sometimes said, and not by unfriendly critics, "the Society of Jesus is the Catholic Church put into commission"—at all events, they have done their best to make it so. Their political intrigues, their slippery ethics, their miraculous devotions, and their extravagant theology, which culminated in the Vatican decrees, have been all along subservient to one paramount aim—the aggrandizement of the Church, that is of the Papacy, through the aggrandizement of their own Society. On the object aimed at, and the means employed for its attainment, this is not the place to dwell. The point is simply referred to in illustration of the characteristic speciality of the Jesuit as distinguished from other Orders in the Church, which has no doubt acted as one main preservative against that gradual process of moral corruption to which most, if not all, of them have sooner or later succumbed. *Corruptio optimi pessima* has passed into a proverb, and those who set the highest price on what its votaries call "the life of angels" should be the first to admit that, in ceasing to be angelic, it becomes something less than human. But what is the secret of this seemingly inevitable declension, to which Protestant and sceptical writers are never weary of pointing with such bitter scorn, as though monks were preternatural monsters of selfishness and vice? Perhaps a glance at their origin may suggest a truer, as well as a more charitable, verdict.

Monasticism cannot strictly be called a creation of Christianity, for it finds its prototype among the Buddhists and in the Jewish sects of Essenes and Therapeutæ. However, the Church remoulded the institute and gave it a new direction, and we must content ourselves here with tracing its Christian history. Egypt was its birthplace and Antony its founder in the third century, when it first took the form of the eremitical life of the *Lauræ*; but Pachomius soon afterwards gathered several thousands of recluses into common buildings under a common rule, and thus established the monastic or cenobitical life, properly so called. We cannot linger here over its development in the East; but it may be remarked that it has throughout retained there, in accordance with Oriental temperament, much of its original character of pure contemplation, with the abuses obviously incident to such an ideal. The solitude of the Egyptian *Lauræ* survives in the zoophyte existence of the vast monasteries of Mount Athos, as described by modern travellers. At the same time it would be a great mistake to imagine that in the days of their fervour the Eastern monks were mere selfish drones, or even mere contemplatives in the better sense of the term. To take the extreme case of Simeon Stylites, who spent several years on the top of a pillar thirty-six ells in height, and whose career has been doomed by Tennyson to a somewhat dubious immortality, we are told by an eye-witness, Theodoret, that hundreds of thousands came to hear his preaching, and were so moved by his exhortations that they received baptism; while he drew many more to repentance, and reconciled enemies who brought their disputes to him for arbitration. The words of Theodoret about him, quoted with approval by the Protestant historian Neander, may indeed be fairly enough applied to the general subject of monasticism. "As princes," he observes, "at different times adopt different emblems for their coinage, as of lions, or stars, or angels—in order to enhance the value of the gold—so has God caused piety to assume new and varied forms, to rouse the admiration, not only of believers, but of the unbelieving world also." To put the same idea in other words, we may say that each new Order was in its turn an attempt, more or less successful, to meet some felt want in the religious life of the period; but then the Order lives on when the occasion which evoked it has passed away, or when other agencies have superseded its original design. And this alone would go far to account for the inevitable progress of decay.

It will be seen that Western monasticism, with which we are here more immediately concerned, was borrowed from the East, and was therefore of later origin. Athanasius was the first to import it, during his exile, and it was recommended by the influential advocacy of men like St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and, above all, St. Augustine. But Augustine was no blind panegyrist

of the system; he insisted on the great care to be used in sifting the motives of new recruits, and on the obligation of manual labour in the monasteries as well as prayer. The real founder of Western monasticism, however, was St. Benedict, a century later, whose rule was followed, with more or less modification, by every later community in the Latin Church, till the establishment of the Mendicant Friars in the thirteenth century by Francis of Assisi opened a new epoch in monastic history. Benedict innovated not less extensively on Eastern models of the cenobitical life than Francis on the rule of Benedict. Active labour, both manual and intellectual, as well as public ministrations, assumed a prominent place in his institute; most of our ruined abbeys, so familiar to the tourist, and many of our parish churches, were in the hands of the Benedictines before the Reformation, while the Cistercians, who held several more, are only a "reform" of the Benedictines. They were also during the darkness of the middle ages the chief custodians of such learning as was preserved. But already in the eighth century the great Benedictine Order showed signs of incipient corruption, and another Benedict, of Aniane, less known to fame, laboured hard for its renovation, with very partial success. The Cistercian reform, rendered memorable by the name of St. Bernard, was more effective; but readers of Montalembert's eloquent History, which might almost be called a panegyric, of Western Monasticism, will remember that even he finds occasion frequently to deplore the incursions of laxity and moral deterioration. The Franciscan rule of strict poverty for the Order as well as the individual monk was designed to exclude one main danger of the elder religious corporations. And for a time the Friars Minor were at once the favourites and the devoted servants of the multitude, to whom they ministered; but time proved that the profession of mendicancy, like the possession of wealth, may lead to idleness and corruption, as the zeal for orthodoxy which animated the first Dominicans in the pulpit degenerated rapidly into the ruthless cruelty of the inquisitor. But there can be no doubt that the excessive multiplication of endowments, and of members chiefly drawn from the lower classes, whose object in taking the habit was to escape the necessity of labour or military service, has been one main source of corruption in monastic bodies. In Scotland, before the period of the Reformation, a third of the landed property was in ecclesiastical hands, and a large proportion of the land in Italy and Spain was similarly held before the recent changes. The Jesuits, it is true, are enormously wealthy, though their property is not in land; but it has never been their temptation to spend money on personal indulgence or display, and the rigidly despotic organization of the Order would render any deflection of individuals or particular houses from the prescribed standard almost impossible. In giving to his Society its military and aggressive character and its ambitious aims, Ignatius Loyola adopted a very powerful precaution against the inroads of moral laxity. Whether the remedy prescribed has not proved worse than the disease, at least as regards the public action and influence of the Order, is another question. In the rude society of the age of St. Bernard it was thought next to impossible for any one to lead a godly life in the world, and accordingly the word "conversion" came to be used as synonymous with taking religious vows; and it was much the same feeling which in an earlier age peopled the Egyptian *Laura* with its vast army of solitaries. No one would exactly urge this plea in the present day. But the desire to save his own soul was generally blended, at least in the mind of the Western monk, as was conspicuously the case with St. Bernard himself, with a desire—natural and laudable in itself, though easily liable to degenerate into a vulgar ambition—to exert an influence for good on the world he had abandoned. And thus we are brought round to the fundamental question whether the important functions confessedly discharged in other times by the great Religious Orders are not, under the altered social conditions of the present day, either superseded or transferred to instrumentalities of later date. One thing, at all events, is clear, that the monastic institute can offer no guarantee against the recurrence of what appears to be in practice the inseparable accident of corruption, unless it can establish some better title than mere ancient prescription to a new lease of life.

DANGEROUS SHIPS.

THE first thing that strikes one perhaps in reading the evidence taken by the Royal Commission on Unseaworthy Ships is that some of the Commissioners appear to have entered upon the investigation in what can hardly be regarded as a very promising frame of mind. Many of the questions addressed to witnesses relate not to facts, but to matters of abstract argument on which it was idle to take evidence, and indicate a disposition to assume at the very outset of the inquiry that it is not worth while to take any precautions to prevent loss of life at sea, since no precautions will absolutely prevent lives being lost from one cause or another. It was asked, for example, whether any amount of inspection and surveying would prevent bad navigation, whether surveyors might not make mistakes, whether certificated ships had not been lost, and so on. One of the witnesses replied very reasonably that no doubt surveyors were apt to make mistakes, just as doctors sometimes made mistakes; and that ships would occasionally go down in spite of inspection, just as crimes were committed in spite of the police. "When you see murders increase," said Mr. McIver, "instead of

falling off, you do not decrease your policemen. Policemen do no harm, though they do not prevent murders. Inspections contribute to good workmanship, and good workmanship contributes to safety." Losses occur even with careful surveying; but the question is whether surveying does not to some extent prevent losses. In reference to the proposal to impose a penalty on deck-loads, Mr. Milner Gibson observed, "So that a vessel coming safely across the Atlantic to a British port would be fined for having arrived safely?" Mr. Farrer answered "Yes"; but the proper answer is obviously No. The shipowner or captain would be fined, not for having accomplished the voyage safely, but for having imperilled the lives of the crew. It would be absurd to enact a penalty which should be applicable only to people who went to the bottom of the ocean. A very considerable part of this bulky blue-book will be found to have been contributed by the Commissioners themselves, although they might more appropriately have reserved their observations for their own Report. The course of the inquiry would have been greatly simplified, and its results would have been brought out in a more distinct and definite form, if the Commissioners had only taken the trouble at the beginning to determine the points to which it should be directed, and had then kept to them in order. We will endeavour to compress the gist of the evidence into a rapid summary.

The first question to be considered is whether, in point of fact, unseaworthy ships are habitually sent to sea. Unseaworthy ships may be divided into two classes—those which are unsound in themselves, and those which are dangerous from being overloaded. We will take the question of unsoundness first. On this point the evidence is naturally conflicting, and it is necessary to observe the qualifications with which much of it must be received on account of the personal circumstances and bias of the witnesses. A number of shipbuilders and shipowners were examined, who all testified to the excellence of their own ships, but, as a rule, professed not to know much about their neighbours' ships. On the whole, they were disposed to take rather a favourable view of the strength of ships. Mr. McIver, however, senior partner in the Cunard Company, expressed a very decided opinion that there was a great deal of defective shipbuilding, arising partly from the ignorance of shipbuilders, who knew very little of the business they had taken up, and partly from carelessness and false economy. Mr. Lamport said he found that even vessels built under Lloyd's survey were not always soundly built. "There is plenty of material, but it is badly put together." A bad ship, he added, is not often built on the Mersey, or the Thames, or the Clyde; but a bad ship is often built on the Tyne or the Wear. Mr. E. J. Reed believes that there is a great deal of bad iron and of bad work too; and that the long type of ship now coming into vogue requires careful calculations as to strength, which are seldom made. Several surveyors of the Board of Trade gave evidence, generally in favour of the ports at which they were stationed, though some of them admitted that matters were less satisfactory elsewhere. Thus surveyors at Cardiff and Newcastle, who spoke well of the Cardiff and Tyne shipping, had no hesitation in giving a bad account of Belfast; and the surveyor of the Iron Ship Registry at Liverpool, who thought highly of Liverpool ships, said the East coast must rank lowest for workmanship in shipbuilding. It may be assumed that officers permanently stationed at any place would not add to the comfort of their lives by saying anything which would offend the persons with whom they have daily to do business. A harbour-master at Newcastle frankly acknowledged his reluctance to give evidence, as he had suffered so much unpleasantness for having spoken out about the *Sea Queen*. In a former article we quoted some of the evidence of Mr. B. Martell, chief surveyor to Lloyd's Register, as to the defective condition in which ships are often sent to sea. There are some seven hundred vessels above a hundred tons which have been struck off Lloyd's Register, many of which are positively known to be unsound, while there is a moral certainty that the rest are also defective. Mr. Martell gave instances in which ships were found to be unseaworthy on survey, and were expunged from the Register, because the owner would not make the necessary repairs, and these ships afterwards went to sea and were lost. Mr. Harper, secretary of the Salvage Association of Lloyds, thinks that, of some three thousand or four thousand ships leaving London, Liverpool, and Glasgow reported to his Association, forty would be unseaworthy; and that this is, on the whole, a fair proportion of the ships which go to sea in that condition. A curious question, Mr. Harper said, is what becomes of all the old ships. In London there are from thirty to forty shipbuilders and only five shipbreakers. Other witnesses who were questioned on this point were also unable to say what was done with old ships, for they were rarely seen in the process of being broken up; and the obvious inference would seem to be that a ship is really kept going until she comes to a violent end. Mr. B. Waymouth, secretary to the Committee of Lloyd's Registry for Classification, mentioned a case in which "devils," or short bolts that do not go through the vessel, were used. It was a Jersey ship, and there were three or four other cases about the same time. There had been complaints of similar frauds in Clyde-built ships, but none had been reported to Mr. Waymouth's Committee. He recollected in one instance seeing a vessel in which a plank had been gouged out and the holes stopped up with putty to make it appear that there were bolts there. He had also heard of copper bilge bolts being put in a vessel to show to the surveyor, and the copper bolts being afterwards taken out and trenails substituted. In Mr. Waymouth's experience the quality of the iron is often very defective. He was once

in a yard when some iron was delivered. He tested it with a hammer, and it snapped off like a piece of glass; yet that iron was going to be used for a ship. Afterwards, when the plating was to be tested, a punch, beautifully got up, just of the size to fit a finely-made die, was produced, which cut through it like a razor. When the plating was punched with the ordinary punches, it started off in fractures in every direction. A list of some hundred vessels marked in Lloyd's Register Book with a black line was put in. These vessels had been struck off either because they were not up to the standard of their class, or because the owners declined a survey; and the remarks appended to some of them are highly suggestive, as, for instance, the following:—"Waterway, caulking, &c., defective; survey declined." "Wormed in bottom." "Not fit for any character; trenails, planks, &c., defective." "Bad case; many rotten timbers." "Majority of timbers exposed; also ceiling and bolts defective." "Wales wormed, waterway seam open." "Class expired; put back, making water; recommended the vessel to be docked; not worthy of any class." "Put into Belfast strained and making water; recommended to be docked; sailed without repairs." It does not, of course, follow that all the vessels thus distinguished by a black mark are necessarily defective; but there can be little doubt that many, and probably most of them, are so. Classification raises the value of a vessel; and an owner who was willing to pay for repairs would not decline a survey. Mr. Rundell, Secretary to the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, gave 225 as the number of "black sheep" on his list during eleven years, or an average of twenty a year.

The next question is as to overloading, and here again the evidence is conflicting, and rather general than specific. There is a natural disinclination on the part of witnesses to give offence to their neighbours, for which allowance must be made in weighing their testimony. Mr. T. S. Miller calculated that more than twenty, perhaps twice as many, ships left Cardiff clearly overloaded during the last twelve months. Mr. Neate, Board of Trade Surveyor, said that formerly vessels at Cardiff used to be very deep in the water, but there had been lately a great improvement. He thought, however, that two-thirds of the coasters, if rigidly surveyed, would be stopped, though coasters did not often come to grief. Mr. Wawn, Board of Trade Surveyor, did not think that overloading prevailed extensively in Sunderland. Captain Sandeman, Surveyor at Liverpool for the Salvage Association of London, was of opinion that Liverpool ships load very fairly; still he had known vessels go to sea in a very unsound state and very deeply laden, so that it would require very fine weather indeed to carry them safely to their destinations. Mr. Lamport said that neither he nor his overlooker could recollect a case of a vessel from Liverpool having been lost by overloading. As to Newcastle, Mr. Hall, shipowner, expressed the equivocal opinion that there was not more overloading there than at other ports. Mr. Bullock, harbour-master, had from time to time seen vessels very deeply laden leaving the Tyne, but purposely refrained from making special observations lest it should give offence. A gunner in the Royal Navy said he had been thirty-six years at sea, and he would not like to go to sea in many of the vessels he saw leaving the Tyne; some had only two feet of freeboard. Sometimes there were half-a-dozen very deep ships in a week. "I see," he added, "some very old wooden ships go out, which we call broken-backed. I remember an old brig, said to be a hundred years old—she was wrecked during the gales, and was purchased—and after the weather got fine, she was got off, and she still goes to sea." Lieutenant Reed, R.N., had also observed many ships on the Tyne dangerously deep in the water, the freeboard being often much less than three feet.

Deck-cargoes were strongly condemned by almost every witness who was questioned on the subject. Mr. C. B. Walker, of the firm of Price, Potter, and Co., timber merchants, said the timber ships were almost the worst afloat, and deck-cargoes added greatly to their danger. It would be worth while to pay higher freights for ships that did not carry deck-loads, as the cargo would not be lost so frequently, and shippers would also save in insurance, as the rate would be less. If it were possible to enforce restrictions in regard to deck-loads, all parties would, he thought, be gainers, irrespectively of the saving of life. "So we may take it," said Mr. Merrifield, "that there exists a sort of vicious custom of deck-loading which is prejudicial to all parties concerned when we take them collectively as having a consolidated interest, but which custom some one always has an individual interest in keeping going?" "Yes," was the reply. Mr. Lamport, shipowner, Liverpool, took a similar view. Deck-loads, he said, were dangerous not only because they obstructed the navigation of the vessel, and were apt to lead to overloading, but also because the logs could not be fastened so as to prevent their moving in bad weather, and when they moved they loosened the stanchions, perhaps also splitting the covering-board, and strained the vessel, which became leaky or water-logged. Mr. R. Rankin, Liverpool, also held that it would be well if deck-loads could be prohibited entirely; shipowners would get a higher rate of freight to compensate them for the reduction of cargo. These opinions are confirmed by the appalling catalogue of disasters to timber ships which is supplied by the Board of Trade. During the months of November and December last year, as far as reported up to the 7th of January, no fewer than 52 were totally lost and 113 damaged; of these 165 vessels, 121 carried deck-loads and 15 had none; as to the remainder, there was no information on this point. Ninety lives were lost. These losses were pretty well divided between the American and Baltic trades. Mr. T. S. Miller, Collector of Customs at Cardiff, stated that

when on the west of Ireland he frequently saw wrecks arising from deck-loads. "In one or two instances they were turned quite over, and in one instance I have gone out with a steamer and have pulled the vessel in with the masts underneath and the bottom upwards." Mr. Batchelor of Cardiff never carried a deck-load in the autumn or winter, and never lost a timber ship. It was explained by Mr. Farrer that the old Act prohibiting deck-loads was repealed on account of its being evaded by ships taking in deck-loads at foreign ports; and it was also pointed out that there were difficulties in the way of uniformly forbidding deck-loads of cattle and other things. The Canadian Legislature has this year passed an Act prohibiting deck-loads from the 1st of October to the 16th of March; and if a corresponding measure were passed in England, the United States might perhaps be induced to follow suit. There could not be much difficulty in providing for exceptions under a special licence.

Putting all this evidence together, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that a considerable number of ships are every year sent to sea in a dangerous condition. Many of those ships are unsound, if not absolutely unseaworthy; but it is possible that danger arises more frequently from excessive cargoes. It would be rash, however, to assume that ships are often knowingly sent out in a dangerous state. There are cases, no doubt, in which rotten ships are despatched with worthless cargoes for the sake of the insurance-money, but these cases are not common. As a rule, shipowners would rather that their ships should not be lost, and they probably flatter themselves with the reflection that the vessels have always a fair chance of reaching their destination in safety. The evil is that the temptation to make the most of a vessel, by loading her heavily, keeping her in incessant use, and economizing in repairs, tends to reduce the chances of safety to a point at which they almost disappear. It is a matter of everyday experience that somehow or other very frail, deeply laden vessels do somehow or other contrive to keep afloat, and even to make many voyages. They may be constantly in peril, and a rough breeze or any little accident to the machinery or other fittings would be pretty certain to make an end of them. But by mysterious good fortune the accidents happen the other way; there is a smooth sea and favourable winds, and all goes well. Still it is a slender thread to trust to, and the question is whether owners should be allowed to trust to it. There can be no doubt how the present system works. Shipowners may be assumed to be, on the whole, as humane and honourable as other men; but in the long run the management of a business is invariably influenced by pecuniary considerations. There is a well-known French proverb about killing the mandarin. It is supposed that, if you want a fortune, you have only to touch a knob on the wall; it kills a mandarin, but your victim is out of sight and far away, while the fortune you gain is in your hand. It is much the same with shipowners. Their vessels do not necessarily pass under their personal supervision; perhaps they never see them at all, and in any case they do not personally survey them and direct the stowage of cargo. So they shake off their responsibility on the captains and stevedores; and at the same time make themselves safe by insurance. If the captain and stevedore are satisfied, if the crew are willing to sail, why, the owner asks himself, should he interfere? Whatever happens, he is secure against loss. He is anxious to get the utmost degree of profit out of the ship, so he shirks repairs and packs her as full as she will hold. The captain and stevedore are his servants, and are anxious to keep in with him, and are therefore afraid to give offence by raising any question as to the soundness of the vessel or the amount of cargo. It is true the captain's life is at stake, but then so is his living, and a captain who wants to be sure of employment must not be too particular. Thus it will be seen that the whole drift of the present system is to make owners and captains reckless, and to lead them to trust, not to reasonable conditions of safety, but to mere chances of safety—the chances of fair weather luck. It is really nothing more than a form of gambling. There is competition between shipowners, and there is also competition between shipbuilders and between insurance agencies; and all this competition tends in the same direction. Shipbuilders give bad materials and scamped work. Insurance agencies reduce their scale of precautions. But all these interests are covered in one way or another, and it is the sailors alone who suffer. It seems to us that the natural way to remedy this evil is to find some means of turning the tendency of the system the other way, so that owners should know that, if they lost ships, they would be decidedly the worse for it.

But how is this to be done? The powers with which the Board of Trade has been invested, and which we are glad to observe it is diligently exercising, of detaining, examining, and, if necessary, condemning unseaworthy ships, is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. The mere detention of a vessel is of course an annoyance and loss to the owner or hirer; and it will therefore be his interest to keep the vessel in such a state that there shall be no room for suspicion as to its seaworthiness. The conditions under which criminal penalties may be inflicted on persons who knowingly send a dangerous ship to sea require to be made more stringent, and the means of enforcing them should also be systematized, so that they may be more readily and promptly put in action. If this were done, and if facilities were provided for the summary recovery of compensation by shipwrecked sailors or the survivors of those who perish at sea, there would be a counterpoise to the mischievous effects of insurance, and shipowners would be made to feel that, on the whole, it was their interest not to run the risk of losing vessels. The principle of the

law should be that ships ought not to be lost, and that when a loss occurs, the burden should lie on the owner or hirer of showing that it was not his fault. With regard to a load-line and compulsory survey, it is certainly reasonable that in a matter affecting important commercial interests, and which is further complicated by international difficulties, great caution should be observed in resorting to coercive legislation; but there is one thing which the evidence makes abundantly clear, and that is, that in every well-conducted shipping business there is a calculation as to the depth to which each vessel can safely be immersed, and also a careful system of survey. Mr. McIver of the Cunard Company, Captain Fenwick, Mr. Geo. Marshall, and Mr. Sterry were all agreed on these points. The majority of shipowners are honourable and prudent men, and it is difficult to see why what they find it necessary to do should not be made compulsory on all. A universal fixed load-line is of course absurd, but every owner should be bound by an estimate of maximum loading capacity; and a system of surveys, not necessarily by the Government, but by a public board, in which all the classes interested in maritime enterprises should be represented, appears to be not impracticable. It is certain that no amount of inspection will absolutely prevent mistakes and accidents; but inspection would tend to make owners and captains more careful, and that is what is wanted. At the least shipowners should be compelled to register full particulars as to the construction and capacity of their vessels, and also to mark them so that their depth in the water may be apparent to every one; this information would be available in any proceedings that might be taken against them.

LORD AIRLIE AND DEER-FORESTS.

IF Lord Airlie's evidence before the Committee on the Game Laws at all resembled his letters to the *Times* and the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, it must have gone a considerable way towards lightening a ponderous blue-book. If it did not cast a steady light on the subject under investigation, at least it must have furnished an amusing psychological study. We imagine that we have obtained already a good deal of insight into Lord Airlie's idiosyncrasy from the letters we have had the privilege of perusing, brief and self-contradictory as they are. We figure to ourselves the writer as a man endowed with an active and singularly mobile intellect; quick to take up positions and entrench himself in them, quicker still to abandon them on an afterthought and to shift his ground. Happy in the possession of intuitive perceptions, he leaps with confidence towards his conclusions; but before he is safely landed on his legs, it flashes upon him that he has made a false start. His conscience being as sensitive as his mind is quick, he is in haste to recant whenever he recognizes himself to be in error. The strange thing is that experience should never have taught him to distrust himself and those first impressions of his, and so spare himself the gratuitous humiliation of his honourably candid avowals. "Cross of St. Andrew, that is what I call an onslaught," said the archer Le Balafre, talking of the descent on the Durwards of Glen-Houlakin by the Earl's ancestors. We may say very much the same thing of his Lordship's original attack on the natural enemy of grouse and deer. He assaults the revolutionary innovator with a blending of invective and sarcasm which would have been singularly happy had it only had a substantial foundation. However, the letter as it read was a very pretty letter indeed; and, to parody another sentiment by another of Sir Walter's heroes, many a man has fought it out knee deep in printers' ink on a far less plausible quarrel. Yet the determined onslaught turns out to be an anachronism so far as its author's state of mind was concerned; and had not the letter been duly and recently dated, we might presume that it had been delayed by irregular postal communications between the Forfarshire hills and Printing House Square. For, by way of prelude to it, Lord Airlie had addressed three letters to the Editor of the *Fortnightly*. No. 1 appears to have been practically identical with the *causa belli* published in the *Times*. No. 2 is a frank admission that, on reading Mr. Beesly's article a second time, Lord Airlie did "not think it conveyed the imputation I thought it did, except by a somewhat forced construction"; while No. 3, following fast on No. 2, and arriving by the very next post, makes the further concession "that, on looking closely into my evidence, it appears to me that there were some answers of mine which, with a little ingenuity, might be made to bear the construction which Mr. Beesly put upon it." Under the circumstances we can understand Lord Airlie's "desire not to enter into a controversy with Mr. Beesly," although we do not doubt that it was a creditably conscientious impulse that drove him to reconsider that sage decision. Finally, after successive alternations of sentiment and conviction, each of them duly transmitted to the *Times* for the approval of the reading public, Lord Airlie has reverted to those second thoughts which are proverbially the most trustworthy. He has apologized for warm language and reckless imputation in terms which, speaking seriously, do him the very greatest credit, and there is nothing left for us but to express a wish that the deer and the forests had found a more discreet advocate. For the "recreation plea" in favour of forests, as Mr. Beesly calls it, can have but a single meaning in these days when mind takes precedence of muscle. It must mean that these wild sporting grounds, with the changes of scene and air which they offer, are the recreation grounds of many of the overwrought men who direct our politics, our finance, and our trade.

It means that the bracing effects of the moors and the forests on the faculties that create the wealth of the country, and the intellects that take charge of its most important interests, far outweigh the value of an extra few thousand head of sheep and black cattle, or an infinitesimal displacement of population from outlying districts to more crowded centres. But if Lord Airlie's letters are to be taken in illustration of the effects of deer-stalking on the intellectual powers, we fear that many persons who have read them might be converted to Mr. Beesly's unsympathetic way of thinking, and be inclined contemptuously to dismiss the recreation plea.

For ourselves, we regret that Lord Airlie should have thought it necessary to speak when he had far better been silent, because we are much more in sympathy with him than with his opponent. Mr. Beesly writes of "Lord Airlie and his friends" as if our Highland shootings were monopolized by a little knot of titled aristocrats. In point of fact, as Mr. Beesly must know very well, it is a matter of money and not of caste. The love of sport is general in all classes, from princes of the blood to the labourer who marauds on the squire's coverts, or the shoemaker's apprentice who goes out with his rusty pistol after the smoke-stained sparrow of the suburbs. When a man who has that love rises in the world and has earned the means of gratifying his tastes, he indulges in shooting quarters as in other luxuries, just as the Durham collier begins to invest his increased wages in pianos. There is no monopoly whatever in the matter, except in the sense in which one class of incomes have a monopoly of mansions in Belgravia, while another and a larger class have a monopoly of a plurality of rooms, and of animal food every day for dinner. Unless we are prepared to be absolutely utilitarian and penny-wise and pound-foolish, we ought to regard our deer-forests as not the least precious of our national possessions. Not only are they recreation grounds at our very doors, but they are sanctuaries for many of the most picturesque species of wild animals, which are being rapidly exterminated everywhere else. Thanks to the natural characteristics of our Highlands, coupled with our Game-laws, nowhere else within the limits of civilization do we find at once such excellent sport and so much of the exhilarating freshness of primitive nature. There is very good shooting on some of the great feudal domains in Germany and the Austrian Empire—domains that are jealously preserved by their hereditary proprietors; but everywhere else game is gradually being hunted down. What with democratic legislation, extreme subdivision of properties, and an exceedingly lenient law of trespass, which remains as often as not a dead letter, the game on the Continent is going the way of the wolves on the Scotch mountains and the bustards on the English downs. "Hunted like a partridge" might be said of the birds of France quite as truly as of those of Judea. Were it not that French birds are for the most part of the red-legged breed, who are taught by a merciful provision of Providence to run in the drills, in place of rising on the wing, we suspect that French partridges must have been extirpated long ago, beyond the bounds of such estates as Ferrières. The very thrushes in France have an exceedingly rough time of it in the autumn, and lark-shooting is, we understand, by no means what it used to be on the first day of the licence season on the plain of St. Denis. Belgium, with its little patches of rich grain and root crops, would be the very paradise of hares and partridges if it did not swarm with small proprietors. As it is, game is as scarce in the Flemish markets as the tame rabbits of Ostend are plentiful. There might be fair shooting in Spain, but every muleteer carries a long fowling-piece at his back or across his saddle-bow, so that it is but seldom that the stranger tourist has the luck to obtain a shot in passing. In Italy you only make a heavy bag if you take your life in your hands, and, fortified by a mixture of port and quinine, venture in the malaria after boars or water birds down in some of the marshes or *maremme*. So it is all over the more civilized parts of Europe. In Scandinavia sport has become the most doubtful of lotteries since the days when Lloyd wrote his fascinating volumes; and even Lloyd did little more than enough to tempt the very enthusiastic. You may get your two or three couple of ryper; you may scorch them over a fire of wood, and then retire to your repose on the straw in a barn. But unless you are young and vigorous, entering upon life instead of being worn by its labours, the sport does not compensate you for the privations. If you want anything less tame than bagging feathered fowl and furry innocents, you must go a very long way nowadays to look for it. The energy of the English race, and the attraction of veins of gold in the Sierras, have almost depopulated what were once the happy hunting-grounds of the great North American Continent. The herds of buffalo have disappeared from the valleys of the Red River of the North and the Saskatchewan. You can no longer organize hunting trips from St. Paul or St. Louis; you must make your way to the southward, among the brigand gangs of New Mexico and the scattered remains of the tribes of the Apaches and Comanches. To the shores of Southern America is a long sea voyage; and to do any good on the Pampas, when you get there, you must have learned to sit an unbroken steed, and handle the lasso and bola like a Guacho. The great mountain ranges of Central Asia are practically inaccessible to European sportsmen; and very few of our hereditary legislators or business men care to turn out after man-eaters in the pestilential jungles of Hindustan at the season when the heat is most terrible to natives of the temperate zone. If they did, they would scarcely return invigorated to Westminster or Lombard Street. In Australasia, among the kangaroos and apteryxes, there is no shooting to speak of. In Africa

the districts ranged by Harris, and even by Gordon Cumming, have been abandoned by all the nobler game; and, to bring home ivory or skins of the roan antelope, you must go a journey of months into the remote interior. In short, the sportsman unattached has every day to go further and further afield, until his expenditure in time and money threatens to fall little short of the fancy rents of the deer-grounds. The day may not be far distant when, to get any decent shooting without hiring it, you will have to trust yourself among savages who have scared away poachers by the ferocious reputation which their practices have made for them.

Deer-forests and moors are worth a great deal to us at present, but they are likely to become absolutely invaluable if things go on as they are doing; just as space in a city becomes precious when the suburbs are spreading themselves over what used to be fields. The Highland shootings lie within easy reach of trains and telegrams; you need not make your will and communicate with the Insurance Company before going there. On the contrary, you have abundance of the most healthy excitement, as the man knows who has killed a hart of ten—or missed him—after a long and anxious stalk. You may even sprain an ankle, or have a serious slip in scrambling up the face of some precipice; or, after the drenching which you may infallibly count upon, it is possible that you may have a severe cold that must be cured without the assistance of a doctor. But there is no chance of a father of a family or of his country being struck down by malaria or "Yellow Jack," hugged by paws, tossed on tusks, or dragged off in claws into the jungle. Yet you can cast yourself loose from your home habits after breakfast with a highly stimulating sense of independence, feeling yourself the Nimrod or the Hawkseye of the period, knowing that on your own astuteness, endurance, coolness, and skill it depends whether you shall send home the shooting-pony empty or laden. Meanwhile, to say nothing of the magnificent air, and of walking with an earnest purpose instead of taking an aimless constitutional, you are moving all the day long in a grand open-air menagerie, expanding your mind and intelligence in observation of the habits of the animal creation. Lord Airlie is a sportsman, and no doubt is keenly alive to all this. But, had he written ever so wisely, he would never have made converts of the gentlemen who have no rural tastes in common with him, and who apply the harshest rules of utilitarian logic to pursuits and enjoyments of which they are utterly ignorant.

FIRES.

IT may be taken for granted that some inquiry ought to be made into the origin of fires. A Bill providing for such inquiry has been brought into Parliament, but has made no progress. It is suggested that a new officer, to be called a Fire Marshal, ought to be appointed, and it is answered that there is an ancient officer, the Coroner, on whom this duty might be devolved. Mr. Payne, the Coroner of London, reminds us that in the year 1845, his father, Mr. Serjeant Payne, who was Coroner for London and Southwark, "acting on the old authorities," revived the ancient practice of holding inquests in cases of house-burning where there had been no loss of life. The example thus set in London was followed in other parts of the kingdom, "with manifest advantage to the public"; but unfortunately the Court of Queen's Bench checked this useful practice by a writ of prohibition, which was granted on the ground that a coroner has no power to hold an inquisition respecting the origin of a fire. Mr. Payne suggests that this defect of power might be supplied. The coroner, being already in office, has at hand the means for carrying into effect the intentions of the proposed Bill at small expense. If necessary, an assessor might be appointed in special cases. He thinks that inquiry should be made in every case where any portion of the house is actually burnt, and that such inquiry should extend, not merely to the origin of the fire, but also to the structure of the premises and the water supply. Certainty of inquiry, he says, is the great deterrent of crime, and therefore it matters little whether the inquiry be made by the coroner or his deputy and a jury, or by the coroner or his deputy alone, so that it be known that an inquiry will certainly be made. We think that in this Mr. Payne is clearly right. The Insurance Offices would in many cases exert themselves to assist such inquiries, and they would be able and willing to employ persons skilled in detecting and exposing fraud. Mr. Payne would prefer to have a jury, say of half-a-dozen inhabitants of the neighbourhood, because they would be likely to be acquainted with the habits of those frequenting the premises; and it may be added that they would have a strong interest in the efficient prosecution of the inquiry. The proposal to appoint a Fire Marshal for London is open to the objection that it leaves the rest of the country without provision; whereas, if the coroners were employed everywhere, it would be easy to supply skilled assessors in difficult or important cases. We can partly judge how the coroners would work such inquiries from observing what happens after a serious railway accident. By the assistance of an officer of the Board of Trade, useful investigations are often made, and at least lines of inquiry are suggested which may be pursued afterwards. The proposed Fire Marshal, the coroner, or the coroner's assessor, would be equally entitled to call for the assistance of the Metropolitan or City Police, the Fire Brigade, and the Salvage Corps. All these officers would doubtless be equally ready to expose "the faults and neglect of District Surveyors, the

inattention, error of judgment, or want of skill of firemen or police, the deficiency of water supply, the existence of improper manufactures." Whatever other defects coroners may possess, they cannot be accused of a disposition to underrate their own importance. They would usually possess the will to prosecute inquiry into the cause of fire as far, to say the least, as could be reasonably desired.

But if the present condition of the metropolis, as regards liability to fire, be as bad as has been lately represented, there seems to be occasion, not only for special, but general, inquiry. We are said to be all living amid tremendous perils, some of which are assumed by those who undertake to warn us to be preventable; and if that be so they ought to be prevented. The Fire Marshal may inquire and report; and if the Tichborne case has finished, and Parliament has not begun, his report and the evidence on which it is based may have a chance to be generally read. But it appears to us that the condition of London requires either immediate legislation or inquiry as preliminary thereto. Committees have sat and taken evidence already upon this subject, but if more work of the kind is required, let it be done without delay, and then let the necessary legislation follow. It certainly does seem to the superficial observer wonderful that we make no sufficient effort to protect ourselves against notorious and apparently preventable dangers which beset our daily life. This month never comes round without an explosion of fireworks, causing more or less destruction of life or limb. Surely now that we can have fireworks at the Crystal Palace and Alexandra Park, they ought to be strictly prohibited elsewhere. We want neither coroner nor Fire Marshal to explain to us that making fireworks in a crowded neighbourhood is dangerous, and if we cannot or will not put a stop to this practice, we must take the consequences. A letter in the *Times* describes what the writer calls a "fire-trap," which means, as we understand, a small court at the back of a house, filled with packing-cases, straw, shavings, and other equally inflammable materials. The upstairs lodger thinks the safety of his life and manuscripts the most important consideration, while the tradesman on the ground-floor thinks that before all things business must be carried on. The *Times* improves the occasion by reminding its readers that we are all in this great city "slumbering on a volcano." In many cases houses are so built or situated, and combustible materials are so arranged, that if preparation had been made for a conflagration, the "fire-trap" could not be more complete. We can all call to mind cases to which this description is exactly applicable, and although it is not to be doubted that many fires are due to "fire-misers," yet the fires most fatal to life are usually due to "fire-traps." There are many places in London where the wonder is not that fires do happen sometimes, but that fires do not happen every night. It seems to us, perhaps, shocking that the business of firework-making should be carried on in a six-roomed house in a street in Lambeth. But habit reconciles men to everything. This case is specially unmanageable either by coroner or Fire Marshal, because the explosion killed the man who caused it, and he has gone beyond the reach of censure. This man and his wife occupied two rooms on the ground-floor, and he let the first floor to one family, and the second floor to another. It appears that the man carried on, unknown to his neighbours, the business of a firework-maker in the house, and had in it a store of gunpowder and other explosive materials. He was pursuing his usual occupation when the explosion occurred. He was making fireworks on Tuesday morning in preparation for next day's demand. It appears impossible to prevent the sale and use of fireworks on the 5th of November, and perhaps if the police attempted to interfere effectually, they would be accused of sympathizing with the Pope. At any rate every boy spends his pocket-money in buying squibs and crackers. The demand inevitably calls forth the supply, and if fireworks are not made in Lambeth, they will be made somewhere else. The explosion blew out the front parlour window, hurled the artist's lifeless body through the opening, crushed the walls, blew up the ceiling, killed the artist's wife, and set fire to the house. It may be questioned whether the Papists have ever done so much harm by their plots as the Protestants have inflicted upon themselves in commemorating their deliverance. The most ineradicable of national customs seems to be this of letting off fireworks in November. The house was rapidly destroyed, and the remains of eight persons were afterwards found among its ruins. The Coroner will be amply seized of this case in virtue of its fatal termination, but really there is nothing to be said or done upon it. The law can hardly reach either the people who sold materials to the artist, or the people to whom the artist sold his works. Dealers in such articles take care not to know more than they cannot help.

It must not be supposed that the Legislature has neglected to provide against firework-making in crowded neighbourhoods, but unfortunately its enactments have proved ineffectual for their purpose. We find that the deceased artist would have been liable to a penalty of 10*l.* under an Act of Parliament which was passed in 1860, and which probably was called forth by some unusually disastrous explosion. In this particular case the artist has paid the highest penalty, and it is difficult to see how any penalty can prevent a needy man carrying on a secret trade. Our lives are at the mercy of our neighbours to an alarming and almost uncontrollable extent, nor does it add to our composure to be told that buildings reported fire-proof are usually the most dangerous of all. The best point about our system is the promptitude with which fires are checked. In this respect it is probable that we are far ahead of Boston and Chicago. Indeed a competent

authority has said that the fire brigades of the great American cities are little more than an excuse for young men to strut in uniform. The fire at Lambeth was confined to the house in which the explosion occurred; and a recent fire at a solicitor's office in the City only resulted in the destruction of part of a law library and some law papers, which, as the newspapers put it, were "practically worthless." We are glad to hear that on this occasion a so-called fire-proof room did preserve valuable documents from destruction. We think that the Fire Marshal or coroner would be useful in helping to detect incendiarism, which, however, is most frequently committed in warehouses, where life is not immediately endangered. Many a man would cheat an Insurance Office who would not wilfully cause a fellow-creature's death. There are men who would do both; but those unmitigated scoundrels are comparatively rare. There is no doubt that inquiry into the origin of fires ought to be thoroughly made in all doubtful cases; and the efficiency of the Fire Brigade should be maintained and extended. Also, in order that the Fire Brigade may do its duty, a constant supply of water must be provided, and any necessary outlay for this purpose will be according to sound economy. But when all has been done that can be done for safety, we shall still be liable to be blown into space by some unlicensed pyrotechnist.

THE TRADE UNIONISTS AND MR. LOWE.

A DEPUTATION of Trade Unionists has waited on Mr. Lowe for the purpose of demanding the abolition of the criminal penalties at present attached to various acts of dishonesty and violence which the Unionists are in the habit of committing in order to promote the coercive objects of their Societies. Mr. Lowe said that the statements of the deputation would receive careful consideration; and they certainly deserve consideration, because they bring into a strong light the position which the Trade Unionists are bent upon assuming towards society, and the consequences which may be expected if the Government and Parliament should be weak enough to give way to them. Apart from the question of the general law of conspiracy—a large question which we have more than once discussed—the specific demands to which the Unionists are content to confine themselves for the present are that the Criminal Law Amendment Act should be wholly repealed, and that the Masters and Servants Act should be amended by cutting out the criminal penalties of breach of contract, and making it simply a matter of civil damages. It appears that these laws as they now stand have caused great annoyance to the Unionists, and have interfered very much with their operations. It is unpleasant to be put in prison for picketing or breach of contract, and this naturally operates as a discouragement to practices which are regarded as essential to the success of these combinations. If the only object of penal legislation were to please those against whom it is supposed to be directed, we should be disposed to say that the Unionists had made out a strong, and even an irresistible, case against the Acts in question. If, however, it should be thought that the object of the law is, not to afford immunity to particular classes of offenders, but to protect the public at large, then we think that the statements of the deputation supply the strongest evidence of the usefulness and efficacy of the statutes which are complained of.

The impudence of the demands of the Unionists is appropriately matched by the audacity of their misrepresentations. It is complained that the Criminal Law Amendment Act is directed exclusively against Trade Unionists; and this is true, but not exactly in the sense which was implied by the members of the deputation. They wished to convey the idea that under this Act Unionists alone are liable to punishment for acts which other persons may commit with impunity. This is certainly not true. The Act applies to all classes indiscriminately, and if it strikes practically at the Unionists alone, that is only because the Unionists alone are in the habit of committing the offences which it is intended to check. If employers were to take to rattening and picketing, they would at once bring themselves within the scope of the law. They abstain from these offences, and therefore the law does not touch them. It touches the Unionists because the Unionists are partial to outrages of this kind. Unionists have, however, a very easy way of obtaining relief from the disagreeable penalties of which they complain, and that is by simply refraining from picketing and rattening. When the Act was passed great care was taken to remove from it any expressions which could by any ingenuity be construed into an invidious reference to working-men, and to make it applicable to all classes alike. The same course was followed with regard to the Masters and Servants Act. Under that Act nothing can be done to an employed person which may not, under similar circumstances, be done to an employer. It simply enacts that wilful breach of contract may be punished, at the discretion of the magistrate, either by civil damages or imprisonment. If working-men are usually punished by imprisonment, the reason is simply that there is no other way of getting at them. A civil remedy against a man who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and who has no property of any kind, would obviously be a farce. An employer, on the other hand, has a fixed place of business, and there is no difficulty in making him liable for any claims which can be proved against him. To repeal the criminal part of the Act would be practically to give free license to all working-men to take advantage of their employers by suddenly leaving off work. Suppose that a house is being built, or a ship loaded, and that at a critical moment the workmen

choose to go away; the loss which is thereby inflicted on their employers may be very serious; but civil proceedings against the men would be an utter mockery. There would first be the difficulty of discovering the men, who would no doubt disperse in all directions; and there would be next the difficulty of obtaining damages from men who had no money.

Mr. Howell, who was one of the chief spokesmen of the deputation, said that they did not want the law to be made in favour of Trade Unionists; all they sought was to be placed on a footing with other citizens. But in the Acts which they denounce they are put on a footing with other citizens. Anybody, no matter whether he is a Unionist or non-Unionist or employer, who commits certain specified offences, is liable to be punished for them. Mr. Howell went on to say that Unionists were not in the habit of condoning or palliating any of those offences against which the law was supposed to be levelled; but we have some recollection of a Trade-Unionist demonstration a few months ago at Maidstone in honour of men who had just finished the term of imprisonment to which they were condemned for a wicked and dastardly attempt to plunge London into darkness; and we have certainly no recollection of any Unionist speaker or journalist having ventured to censure the disgraceful conduct of those men, who not only broke faith with their employers, but endeavoured to inflict a cruel and wanton injury on a vast multitude of innocent persons who had nothing whatever to do with the gas-stokers' private quarrels. The leaders of the Unionists were also aware of the Sheffield outrages long before they were exposed by the Royal Commission; but they waited till there was no help for it before they expressed any public disapprobation of these atrocities, and they did so even then in very mild and equivocal language. Mr. Howell says that what the Unionists desire is that the offences in question should be dealt with under the ordinary laws of the country; but, as the fact is that they are peculiar offences which cannot be dealt with by the ordinary law, it may be inferred that what is really desired is that they should not be dealt with at all. Mr. Howell is also of opinion that picketing is very much misunderstood. The object of picketing, we are assured, is merely to give information to workmen who come from a distance as to the state of trade matters; but there are different sorts of information and different ways of conveying it. The information which the pickets have to communicate is that non-Unionists must make up their minds to be persecuted in every possible way unless they obey the dictates of a body to which they do not belong, and whose authority they repudiate; and the way in which this information is conveyed is by setting men to dog the steps of independent workmen, and to threaten them with the penalties of disobedience to the Union. Mr. Mundella, who is a member of Parliament, and at least ought to know something of the contents of Acts of Parliament, is reported to have said that the "law against these offences, instead of applying to the whole community, applied only to Trade Unionists, and not to the masters." It is incredible that Mr. Mundella should have said this, because it is quite untrue, and the truth must surely have been within Mr. Mundella's knowledge. The law applies to all persons, no matter to what class of the community they may belong, who commit certain offences. Mr. Mundella added that in business they were accustomed to threats, and he could name several men in the House of Commons at the head of large firms who were told that, if they did not cease to supply goods to co-operative stores, tradesmen would cease to do business with them. And what, he asked, was that but a threat? No doubt it is in one sense a threat, but the law does not undertake to put a stop to all threats. It is a threat to say that you will not buy goods at a shop unless prices are lowered, but there is no necessity for the application of the criminal law in such a case. What is important is that personal freedom of buying and selling should be maintained. It is complained that, while the masters may send round a black list, the men may not send out pickets; but the men may circulate a black list, if they choose, in the same way as the masters; and if the masters attempt picketing, they will suffer for it just the same as the men. The men are at liberty to refuse to work at certain shops, and the masters are at liberty to refuse to employ certain men. But if either masters or men resort to anything in the shape of physical molestation or intimidation, they will equally be punished for it. It may be unfortunate for the men that they cannot carry out their schemes without violence; but social order must be maintained, even though it causes "annoyance" to working-men, and interferes with the coercive discipline of Trade Unions.

The great mistake which is constantly made by the Unionists is in supposing that they are the people of England. If they were, it would no doubt be reasonable and proper that the laws should be shaped according to their own ideas of social happiness. As it happens, however, there are other people who are entitled to some consideration. The Unionists are only a part, and only a comparatively small part, of the community, and their private arrangements, however convenient to themselves, cannot be tolerated as laws imposed on the general public. Anybody can belong to a Trade Union who chooses, but then it is necessary to reserve an equal right to anybody not to belong to a Trade Union if he does not think it desirable. The authority of the Unions must be restricted to the circle of those who voluntarily choose to submit to it. It is well that the full import of the demands which have just been made should be distinctly understood. What is asked is practically nothing less than that Unionists should be allowed to break contracts with their employers, and to molest and intimidate their fellow-workmen,

whenever it suits their purposes, with perfect impunity. The question is, therefore, whether these offences are detrimental to society, and whether it is necessary to punish them. It is said that what the Unionists want is, not to escape punishment, but only to be put under the same laws as other people. It is obvious that, if they would be liable to punishment under the general law, they would gain nothing by the change. Mr. Howell justifies picketing as "not morally wrong, or in any sense unlawful"; and it might be said that rattening was only another much misunderstood means of giving information to workmen. There may perhaps be some people who believe that the freedom of picketing and rattening would be productive of social harmony and happiness; but it may be worth while to remember that this freedom, if allowed to one class of the community, must in fairness be extended to the rest. It need hardly be said that the worst consequences of universal molestation, intimidation, and breach of contract at pleasure would fall upon the working classes. They would suffer not only from being treated as they now wish to be allowed to treat others, but also by the commercial distrust and disorganization which would be produced. Employers would be unable to accept contracts except at a fancy price, in order to cover their risks, and the market for labour would suffer accordingly. It is to be hoped that the Government, in considering this subject, will remember that large public interests are at stake.

COAL MONOPOLY.

WE regret that the supposed discovery in the columns of the *Times* of the "Secret of Dear Coal" proves on examination to be no discovery at all. A gentleman who owns a colliery is entitled, in addition to rent, to a certain number of tons each year free of cost. Through the intervention of a friend who is a director of a Railway Company, this gentleman is enabled to have these coals delivered at his house in London. He puts the price of coal at the pit's mouth at 18s. 6d. per ton, and the cost of carriage and delivery at 8s. 6d. per ton, so that the total cost would be 27s. per ton, whereas the market price of the same quality of coal is 37s. per ton. It has probably occurred to many readers of this statement that they might buy coal at the pit's mouth and have it forwarded by railway, and thus save 10s. per ton which now goes into the pocket of the London dealer. A writer in the *Times* did attempt this, and he is very angry at the refusal of a Railway Company to forward the coals that he has purchased. He seems to think that he has only to make his grievance known to have it removed; but unfortunately Railway Companies, so long as they keep within the law, are able to disregard complaints in newspapers. They are not bound to carry coals for persons who purchase at the pit's mouth, and if Parliament undertook to compel them, they would probably warn legislators to look out for themselves in case a train should come into collision with a coal-truck. A system has grown up which gives to certain dealers a practical monopoly, and it is to be feared that the system cannot readily be changed. A correspondent of the *Times* correctly states that Railway Companies, not being "common carriers" of coal, are not bound to carry all such coal as may be offered for carriage, and that the carrying of coals for colliery-owners only is not an unlawful preference. This is the existing law, and we doubt whether Parliament could be persuaded to change the law.

A case which occurred a few years ago may be usefully employed to illustrate the existing law. The complainants, as well as other coal-merchants, had been allowed the use of certain wharves or depôts at the stations of the London and North-Western Railway for the reception and deposit of the coals consigned to them respectively. For this accommodation each coal-merchant paid a remuneration to the Company. The practice of the Company was to apportion the accommodation at the different stations amongst the coal-merchants who required it; and each coal-merchant used his wharf as a kind of store for his coals until they were sold, and required to be removed. From the nature of the inland coal-trade the wharf or depôt accommodation is almost essential to its being carried on profitably to the merchant. It also promotes the traffic of carrying coals upon the railways; and the practice of providing such accommodation is very general upon the railways. In the course of the year 1869 an additional station was opened upon the Rugby and Stamford line at Lubenham. There was a space of ground attached to the station which was suitable for coal wharves, and it was sufficient in extent to afford the usual accommodation for more than one coal-merchant. The complainants thereupon began sending coals to Lubenham station for sale, and such coals were unloaded and deposited and stowed in the usual way. Afterwards a rival coal-merchant obtained a lease of the whole of the wharf accommodation at Lubenham, and thereupon the Company refused to allow any such accommodation to the complainants. This refusal virtually prevented coals being sent by the complainants to Lubenham, and they applied to the Court of Common Pleas for a rule calling upon the Company to abstain from giving to one merchant the exclusive advantage of depositing coal at the station, or to give similar accommodation to the complainants. There could be no doubt that the effect of what had been done by the Company was to exclude the complainants from any share of the facilities for the coal trade which existed at Lubenham, and thus to create a monopoly of the trade in favour of another dealer, and to the

prejudice not only of the complainants, but of the public. There was, however, a difficult legal question in the case, and before advertent to it we will observe what light is thrown by this case upon the present condition of the coal trade. We can see that even at a small provincial station there was no idea of allowing the public to import their own coal. It was originally intended to divide the wharf accommodation among at least three dealers, and afterwards the Company allotted the whole to one dealer only. The complainants, being deprived of their wharf, assumed that they were deprived of the opportunity of importing coals into the neighbourhood of Lubenham, and if this were true of dealers, it would necessarily be true of a person who desired to import for his private use. Further, if it were true of Lubenham, it would be still more true of London. It was contended that the case did not come within the provisions of the Railway Traffic Act, 1854, and two judges held that it did, while two other judges held that it did not, come within that Act. The Railway Companies, as we all know, have secured a monopoly of the carrying trade, but this was granted to them, and is to be used, for the benefit of the public. The object of the Act of 1854 was to compel the Companies to act with impartiality to all persons desirous of using the railway, and to secure that all should be placed upon equal terms. The Legislature has restricted the Companies from using their railways for the benefit of one person to the exclusion of others, and has required that all persons should be treated alike. At the same time the Legislature has considered that due regard may be had to any peculiar circumstances, as well as to the safety and convenience of the public, and to the fair interests of the Companies themselves. It was urged, on the other side, that the complaint related to matters wholly distinct from the receiving, forwarding, and delivering of coals, which were the only matters as to which the Court was authorized to interfere. The matter of the complaint arose after all that concerned the conveyance and delivering of the coal was at an end.

We are not concerned to decide between these opposing views. It is manifest upon the case that the coal traffic by railway is entirely in the coal-owners' or the dealers' hands. In theory any person is entitled to run his private train from Euston Square to Manchester; but we know that this is practically impossible. The privilege of importing one's own coals from the pit is likely to prove on examination equally illusory. An enthusiastic correspondent of the *Times* believes that as soon as the public thoroughly understands the difficulty a remedy will be applied. We have done our best to make the position of things intelligible, but we have no sanguine expectation of improvement. Railway officers will say that, if their arrangements are interfered with, they cannot be responsible for consequences. This, indeed, is what a railway officer did say in an earlier case which arose out of a system of storing coals in cells or depôts until they could be sold by an agent on behalf of the coal-owner. At the date of that case the Companies knew nothing of merchants, and only made arrangements for the convenience of coal-owners. A witness said, "The order must go through the depôt agent. I apprehend this is a principle which cannot be departed from without injuring the traffic of the line and hazarding the public safety." Among other causes of the dearness of coal, this is one—that the means of transport are limited. It has been suggested that the canals, now to a great extent disused, might be repaired and used in relief of the railways for the carriage of coal and other heavy goods which need not be carried rapidly.

A correspondent of the *Times* correctly says that the Railway Companies have the power to refuse, and do accordingly refuse, to carry coal for private persons. It will be understood, from the reference which we have made to decided cases, that such refusal would not be an undue preference to the coal-merchants within the meaning of the Railway Traffic Act. It appears, indeed, that a question was put to Government on this point last Session in the House of Commons, and the answer given was the only answer that could be given by those who understood the law. This answer, we are told, took the public by surprise, and its practical effect on the price of coal in London was felt to be very serious; but no legal remedy has been suggested, except an alteration of the law so as to make Railway Companies common carriers of coal. "But," says the writer in the *Times*, "unless the law could be extended to make Railway Companies provide the public with free wharves and sidings for coal-trucks, the right of carriage would be practically useless." It comes, in fact, to this, that if we Londoners desire to buy our coal at the pit's mouth, we must make a railway to bring it up to town and sidings and wharves to deliver it. Coal, like fish in the well-known song, may be said to be bought with the lives of men, for undoubtedly the coal trains on our railways are the cause of many serious accidents. There will never be the security which ought to exist on busy passenger lines until heavy goods trains cease to run upon them. Looking at the enormous consumption of coal in London, it would certainly appear desirable to make corresponding arrangements for supplying it. The managers of railways represent that the advantage possessed by coal-merchants over private consumers is not owing to any combination between Railway Companies and dealers in coal, but arises from the natural course of trade, which has placed all railway wharves and sidings at the disposal of those "registered" traders who could bring the largest amount of traffic over the lines of railway. This representation suggested the idea of introducing the co-operative system among consumers of coal. It was felt that clergymen, gentry, and tradesmen could not themselves become "registered" traders in coal, so as to obtain facilities for its conveyance by railway; but it appeared possible, by

combination, to produce a coal-selling company whose patronage would be so valuable that both Railway Companies and colliery-owners would be willing to aid its operations. It is stated that this result is now in a fair way of being realized by an association which has obtained the advantages of railway traffic and wharf accommodation hitherto accorded only to coal-merchants. There seems no reason why such associations, if worked prudently, should not succeed. But we fear that the idea of an individual householder ordering his coal at the pit's mouth and having it forwarded by rail to London is visionary. If this can be done without interfering too far with other and more important traffic on the railways, let it be done. But experience rather tends to show that it could not be done.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

NO less than five Galleries are now open, exhibiting a total of more than a thousand works. The general impression left on the mind is that seldom has mediocrity been so greatly multiplied. Mechanical manufacture is more than ever in excess of true art creation; new ideas are scarce, and the old conceptions necessarily grow each year more trite by reason of reiteration. As a consequence, few and far between are the pictures which show the freshness of immediate contact with nature, while the vast majority of contributions look like vague generalizations of something half remembered and half forgotten, or hasty sketches and fugitive thoughts muddled and marred in the studio, and at last sent out in despair. Winter Exhibitions have become the acknowledged refuge for such abortions; and it is equally singular and unfortunate that the most dismal of works are deemed appropriate to this dark and desolate season of the year. Beforehand we might have supposed that one of the beneficent ends of art was to bring sunshine into our dwellings; but the stranger who shall have gone the round of these Winter Exhibitions will come away with the solemn conviction that the peculiar province of the art of painting just now is to bring to the year's decline a sense of shadow, decay, and death.

"The French Gallery, Pall Mall," in opening its "Twenty-first Winter Exhibition," may be supposed to have arrived at years of discretion; a shrewd eye for business has indeed never been here the one thing wanting; the pictures are always wisely selected with ulterior ends. We have been taught to expect the pleasure of meeting painters of two classes—either those who have made a reputation or those who are just rising to a reputation; intermediate men have to seek their fortunes elsewhere. On entering the room it strikes us as a bad sign that Mr. Dicksee's weak and conventional "Ophelia" should find a post of honour; but on looking round compensation comes in the works of Mr. Long, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Holl, and others of the English school. Among foreign artists we once more greet with pleasure M. Jules Breton, M. Castres, M. Clays, and M. Mesdag. We are accustomed to look to Mr. Burgess and Mr. Long for the nut-brown Spanish maid, the astute Spanish priest, and the picturesque Spanish peasant, all of which John Phillip was the first to domesticate among us. Mr. Long has in "Don Antonio" hit upon an effective subject; a bevy of girls present themselves in a row ready to be hired as servants by El Padre and his housekeeper; the latter not unnaturally wishes to choose the oldest and the ugliest because the safest, but the sly Curé has his eye on the prettiest. The artist prophetically points the moral by painting on the wall the temptation of St. Anthony. Mr. Long has improved in execution since we saw him last; his manner was always pleasingly persuasive, and he has now gained strength with moderation. Mr. Holl, who also stands well with the Academy, will advance his reputation by a pathetic scene of "Want"; a young mother pinched by poverty is driven to part with her wedding-ring. The subject is treated with quiet reticence; it is not overdone; the drawing and the execution are alike firm. From the borders of the North Sea again come the best marine-painters. M. Clays has a sunny cheerful way of floating heavy craft, full sail, on shallow sandy seas; no man is more true to the sky and shore of Holland. M. Mesdag, too, is quite at home in "Shrimping on the Dutch Coast"; he always seizes on a subject with resolute grasp, yet his vigour is not destructive of delicacy. M. Jules Breton, the pathetic painter of peasant life in Brittany, falls for once into comedy; so true is it that tears are akin to laughter. "The Happy Moment," a humorous scene of love-making, was painted long ago; the style belongs to the cheerful domestic school of the Netherlands. Since then the artist has given himself studiously to melancholy; in his most cheerful moods he seldom rises above the "joy of sorrow." It is impossible to see too much of this true artist; in Vienna he stood out strongly by well-chosen master-works. We cannot quit this Gallery without emphatic mention of M. Castres, an artist who, since the late war, has made himself a place among the great military painters of France—a nation which has ever won brilliant battles on canvas. "Outside the Ambulance," and "The March, Dinner-time, Franco-Prussian Campaign," are true to the life, as if painted on the spot. The artist is keen in observation, trenchant in hand; he might himself indeed have borne a sword. Like Xenophon, he narrates what he witnessed.

We have so often spoken in praise of "the Society of French Artists" in New Bond Street, that we may be permitted to pass over briefly this "Seventh Exhibition" as far from the best. And yet this Gallery, by a spell peculiarly its own, continues to com-

bine the power of attraction with repulsion. What is most *bizarre* in French genius here congregates; the hatred of beauty is exalted into heroism, the impatience of finish becomes something more than impertinence. On this occasion the greatest sinner against good taste is M. Levy; "Christ at the Sepulchre" exceeds in vulgarity and irreligion the worst products of the lowest decadence. Such a work does great harm every way; we devoutly wish that England could be saved from all like importations. More welcome is another great achievement, M. Delacroix's "Entombment," which, though a display of savage power rather than of sacred spirit, possesses as a matter of course physical force with glory of colour. We have in former seasons dwelt on the tender loveliness of landscapes by M. Corot, on the uncompromising naturalism of M. Millet, on the Orientalism of M. Fromentin and of M. Huguot. We would gladly enlarge on many works tempting to criticism, but we may hope to meet old acquaintances again in the coming spring. Of Mr. McLean's Ninth Exhibition in the Haymarket we have space only to say that the examples of British and foreign schools are well chosen.

A unique collection of one hundred and twenty "Original Sketches and Studies in Oil" by M. Edouard Frère will not escape the notice of artists and others. We have been among the number of those who feared that finality had overtaken M. Frère, that his art had become restricted in its monotonies, and circumscribed even to monotony in its sentiments. But here, when taken into the confidence of this simple lover of nature, this pathetic painter of peasant life, we find how year by year he has been quietly occupied in gathering fresh materials among meadows, homesteads, and humble dwellings of the poor. During the times while France has been racked by revolution and dismembered by war, this painter has possessed his soul in peace. The quietude of these "studies" is their charm; no passion has broken the placidity of those dwellers remote from the noisy city, no dark cloud shadows the sky, no fierce wind disturbs wold or wood. M. Frère is as serene as Claude, yet far more simple; as gentle as Stothard, yet, as these outdoor sketches show, less artificial and more naturalistic. And in passing round the room where these small gems are seen without distraction, we are less disposed than heretofore to accuse Mr. Ruskin of hyperbole, when, in a well-known criticism on M. Frère, he asks, "Who could have believed that it was possible to unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico?"

Two French artists often seen side by side in our exhibitions—M. Meissonier and M. Frère—have little in common, save in their small cabinet scale. Last spring we had the pleasure of criticizing a collection of studies in Pall Mall by Meissonier—works which might offer interesting comparison with the sketches by M. Frère, now on exhibition in Waterloo Place. Meissonier is photographic; he focusses his figures, his lights scintillate, his details are microscopic. M. Frère proceeds on an opposite system; he is less emphatic, concentrated, and detailed; the outlines of his figures melt into his backgrounds, his details merge into generalities. And yet in all that he does he is no less the consummate artist than his great contemporary, no less felicitous in seizing on a salient point, and far more sympathetic in his approach to his subject, and heart-moving in his appeal to the spectator. His children are dutiful, not rebellious; merry-making, it may be, as schoolboys, but not mischief-making as the *gamins* of M. Gavarni. The boy "Waiting for the Ferry," also sundry other boys—one, for example, seated on a wall, another standing by the seashore—are all pattern boys for goodness, obedience, and quietude. Moreover, they are ever children of nature; they have grown up in sun and shower amid flowers and hedgerows.

These "Sketches" admit of classification. First may be mentioned simple landscapes; outdoor studies full of daylight, true in tone, quiet in sentiment, and specially graceful in the interlacing branches of trees. Next are street scenes, wherein the artist, ever true to the spot, strives for quiet play of light and shade, and carries the eye onward to a distant vista. These subjects are obviously chosen because useful as backgrounds. For similar ends, boats lying on the beach have been faithfully portrayed. Then come subjects which are expressly Frère-like; in one we recognize an old woman peeling carrots, in another a village shoemaker, in a third a gossip by the way. The artist has such sympathy with his subject that the picture comes spontaneously, almost indeed without forethought, yet always under knowledge; little elaborated, yet displaying infinite pains, watchfulness, and patience. What strikes us in these fruits of many years is their essential unity; the figures have grown in concord with the trees, the cottagers are born to their humble dwellings. Nature and humanity are coloured and clothed alike; of such peasants it were scarcely irreverent to say that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The Dudley Gallery is so far below what we have a right to expect that we think it becomes a serious question whether this Winter Exhibition of Oil Pictures should not be discontinued, at least for a time. The Spring Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings is so greatly superior that we can hardly understand how the Committee, which in the spring is identified with success, can consent in the winter to become responsible for failure. It is true that some few kind-hearted Academicians and Associates still stick to the old ship in this its seventh year. But nevertheless Mr. Leslie, A.R.A., and others naturally reserve their best for Burlington House. As matters now stand, we perhaps only too naturally find eccentricity on the increase, just as talent is on the wane. Washed-out Mr. Whistler, ink-black Mr. Hamilton Macallum, sternly naturalistic

M. Legros, with sundry other abnormal geniuses who play far from pleasing parodies on nature, scarcely make sufficient excuse for the merely mediocre men who for the most part hold possession of these walls. Of course there are found scattered here and there some sterling works. We need scarcely stop to praise Mr. Watt, R.A., Mr. Marks, A.R.A., Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., and Mr. Leslie, A.R.A. Also, almost as a matter of course, everything that comes from the studio of Mr. Alma-Tadema must be above par; but to criticize the mere byplay of men who within the twelvemonth will appear elsewhere in greater force were waste of time and space. The use of this Gallery from the first has been, that talent outside the Academy congregates within its walls. Thus Mr. Stanhope, in "The Labours of Psyche," shows that nobility of conception, that allegiance to high, historic, and imaginative styles, which have often here obtained more consideration than within the Royal Academy. And among less conspicuous works we should be sorry to pass without a word Mr. Raven's "Llandilo and the Vale of Towry," a landscape full of daylight and of golden colour passing into tender grey. Also as a brilliant vision, though in miniature, may be named "Low Water," by Mr. C. W. Wyllie, a scene of flooded sand, sunny sea, and clouded sky, full of lively incident and of sparkling light. Mr. Binyon and others might likewise be mentioned as affording samples of those gleams of southern sunlight which seldom fail to illumine the Dudley Gallery.

We confess that the duty of criticism becomes irksome when there is little worthy of being criticized. The office of the critic can scarcely be to correct where correction is hopeless; it is rather to encourage where promise lies. As for these Winter Exhibitions, there is little reason why they should exist at all, save as markets. Galleries at this season seem to serve as drainage to take away dregs and surplus produce which otherwise might lie stagnant and unproductive.

REVIEWS.

TODHUNTER'S HISTORY OF THE THEORY OF ATTRACTION.*

MR. TODHUNTER is chiefly known to students of mathematics as the author of a series of admirable mathematical text-books, which possess the rare qualities of being clear in style and absolutely free from mistakes, typographical or other. If any fault is found with them, it is sure to be on the ground that they seldom notice the brilliant dodges and catch-questions which are dear to examiners, and that thus they require to be supplemented by oral or written tradition derived from the great mathematical "coaches" of Cambridge, if the student is to distinguish himself in competitive examinations. Nor is Mr. Todhunter's reputation as a teacher very dissimilar. Undergraduates regard him as a lecturer who has the strange taste to prefer a problem solved by the ordinary methods of analysis to one that has been solved by a special device suitable to it alone. This may seem incomprehensible to the true devotee of the Tripos; but there are many who have watched the results of the Cambridge system who would gladly see Mr. Todhunter's ideas on mathematical education more widely adopted. Thanks to the intense competition for the highest places in the Tripos under the abnormal stimulus of the great prizes that are given for such success alone, each subject that forms a part of that examination has been carefully mapped out, the leading types of questions that can be set upon it have been separately studied, and to each has been fitted a special method admirably suited to meet or avoid the difficulties of that particular class of questions, but paying dearly for its special applicability thereto by the very limited range of its powers. No doubt mathematics thus studied are much less dry than they otherwise would be; but the student, after finishing his course at the University, finds himself with neither the skill nor the patience to carry through one of those long analytical investigations by which discoveries are made. To no other cause than this can we attribute the painful fact that, with the exception of a few publications by men who have escaped the evil influences of the style of teaching by not remaining in residence, no mathematical work has of late emanated from Cambridge that merits higher praise than that of being a good educational text-book, and but few papers that have risen above the level of elegant contributions to elementary mathematics. The sole exception that we should make would be in favour of the mathematical histories from the pen of Mr. Todhunter, who is, as we have seen, the one least infected with the faults of the existing system. The present work is the third that he has written, and it makes us long for a time when the many fine mathematicians at Cambridge will cease to waste their intellects in devising "tips" for their pupils, and will take to extending or reducing to order the vast mass of higher mathematics which already exists, but which is so neglected by us. Of such work Mr. Todhunter is doing his share, for, though we have had but one important original investigation from him, yet such histories as his are at present more valuable than original work. They at once enable the mathematician to make himself master of all that has been done on the subject, and also give him a clue to the right method of dealing with the subject in the future, by showing him the paths by which

advance has been made in the past. This is specially needed by English students, who are usually deficient in learning rather than in power, and who too often waste time in rediscovering what has already been arrived at by others. Moreover, unlike many branches of history, such work as this need never be repeated if it has once been carefully and conscientiously done, and it is therefore with unmingled satisfaction that we see it adopted as his special subject by one whose cast of mind and self-culture have made him one of the most accurate, as he certainly is the most learned, of Cambridge mathematicians.

The subject of the work before us does not yield in interest to that of either of its predecessors. Though the difficulties of the analysis will doubtless limit its circle of readers even among advanced students, yet none can feel indifferent to the history of the advance of the theory of attraction, the discovery of which was the greatest exploit of England's greatest mathematician. It is with his investigations that the history commences, and though in every branch of physical astronomy "sound knowledge practically begins with Newton," yet nowhere does his genius show itself more markedly than in his applying, as he did, his new theory to the determination of the figure of the earth. The phenomena of astronomy which suggested to him his famous law would have been equally well explained had he supposed that the power of attraction was inherent in the heavenly bodies alone, and an inferior genius would doubtless have contented himself with such a hypothesis. Huyghens and the followers of Cassini and Descartes (when they had abandoned more ridiculous theories) held the theory in this form long after the publication of the *Principia*. But Newton had mentally emancipated himself from the superstition that the heavenly bodies were entities so important that they might be expected to have special laws of nature of their own. By attributing attractive power to every particle in the universe, and considering the attraction of the heavenly bodies to be merely the sum of the attractions of the particles that composed them, he did more than advance physical astronomy; he dealt a fatal blow to that vanity which gave vitality to most of the delusions of the middle ages—namely, that nature must regard as of chiefest importance that which is so to us. No subsequent discovery has given a clearer example of how nature treats the small and the great with undistinguishing regard. To us such ideas are familiar, but we must put ourselves back in thought to the state of opinion in Newton's day if we would appreciate the genius shown in at once coming to the conclusion that, were the theory of attraction a true one, then must this earth itself be shaped thereby. And his attempt at arriving at the shape of the earth from such considerations before accurate measurements had taught it to us was as masterly in method as the idea was bold. No doubt his solution was imperfect; without the aid of the Calculus as it existed at a much later day than his, it could scarcely fail to be so. But in reading his investigations with the aid of the admirable explanations of Mr. Todhunter, one is astounded at the marvellous skill with which he avoided the dangers of his imperfect method, and, though working in the dark, managed yet to obtain results that closely approximate to the truth. Here and there we come upon one of those apparently random guesses whose subsequent verification has caused Newton's mind to be regarded as a psychological mystery, as when he conjectures that the density of the earth must be between five and six times that of water, the value usually given now being five and a half times. And when we reflect that in the very book in which the theory of attraction was first enunciated there was a solution of this most difficult problem, so nearly complete that it can be said that "it was a bold outline, in the main correct, which succeeding investigators have filled up, but not cancelled," we can estimate how vast was the genius of Newton, and how much the world has lost by that fatal forty years' silence which has rendered but half his life a glory to his native land.

In a volume of essays recently published, Mr. Todhunter states his conviction that, in proportion to her population, England yields to none of the nations of the world in the eminence of her mathematicians. One naturally turns to a history like this for confirmation of a statement so flattering to our national pride. But we find no support for it therein. The author himself is forced to admit that the successors of Newton did but little to maintain the proud position that he had won for England in every branch of physical astronomy. Maclaurin, it is true, did good work in proving sundry propositions which Newton with admirable judgment had assumed, and also in extending in other ways our knowledge of attraction. But though this work was worthy of one of whom it is recorded in a memorial inscription that he became Professor at Edinburgh *ipso Newtono suadente*, yet we fear it does not entitle him to rank with the three great writers on the subject, Clairault, Legendre, and Laplace. If we extend the list it is not Maclaurin but D'Alembert that we must first include, though Mr. Todhunter has, we think, shown that his clumsy methods and numerous blunders render his contributions more remarkable for quantity than value; and those portions which are not disfigured by actual mistakes consist too often (like his famous dynamical principle) of rediscoveries in a less serviceable shape of propositions which Newton and others had already given to the world in far preferable forms. Thus the whole credit of the later development of the theory must go to France. And though of the four great names that we have just given the name of Clairault may perhaps be the least famous, it is doubtful whether his contributions can justly be put second to those of any of his illustrious fellow-countrymen. The first who attacked the

* *A History of the Mathematical Theories of Attraction and the Figure of the Earth, from the time of Newton to that of Laplace.* By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

problem of a heterogeneous earth composed of strata of different densities, he so far solved it that subsequent investigators have rather changed the form than the nature of his solution, and have extruded it only inasmuch as they have facilitated its application. Just as the advance which the Calculus had made in the half-century that divided him from Newton enabled him, while following the path pointed out by the latter, to surpass him far in the results that he was able to obtain, so in turn he left his work to be developed by means of the new forms that the Calculus was about to take in the hands of such intellectual giants as Legendre and Laplace, after the lapse of a second half-century. These later developments of the theory form the subject of the greater part of the second volume of the present work, and it is specially in these that the reader will feel grateful for the admirable arrangement and clear style so characteristic of Mr. Todhunter's works. The problems are of course much more intricate than those attacked by previous writers, and the analysis is proportionately more difficult; yet the reader can easily follow the progress of the theory, since each step in advance is duly noted, and its exact significance shown. As might be expected, an important part is played by the remarkable expressions which English mathematicians (following Dr. Whewell) associate with the name of Laplace, though due in at least an equal degree to Legendre, and which, in respect of their peculiar suitability to the problems of attraction, afford one of the best instances of the flexibility of modern analysis when treated by a masterhand. It is with Legendre and Laplace that the history nominally ends, and rightly so, for the theory left their hands in much the same form in which it now exists, and in a state which will more than satisfy any demands that are likely to be made upon it for a long time to come.

The care with which the book has been written is at least as apparent in the less important parts as in those on which we have been dwelling. From the shortest memoir to Stay's eccentric *Treatise on Natural Philosophy* in twenty-four thousand Latin hexameters, nothing seems too unimportant for at least a passing notice. And we see with pleasure that Mr. Todhunter has not disdained to preserve from oblivion many little details of the life and works of the men of whom he writes, which have perhaps but slight value if regarded from a strictly mathematical point of view, but which nevertheless add greatly to the interest of the work. Among the chapters that are specially interesting on this account are those which treat of the memorable measurements of meridian arcs in Lapland and Peru—measurements which finally demolished the theory so tenaciously held by the followers of Cassini—namely, that the polar diameter of the earth was the longest diameter. Newton, it will be remembered, had maintained from the first that the earth must be flattened at the poles, but the existing measurements of Picard and Cassini had been claimed as evidence to the contrary, until the more accurate measurements of Maupertuis in Lapland and Bouguer and La Condamine in Peru finally settled the question in favour of Newton, and won for the first-mentioned the witty compliment from Voltaire on having "aplatis les pôles et les Cassini." And though the later chapters are, strictly speaking, beyond the scheme of the book, since they deal with writers later than Laplace, yet they are not the less interesting on that account, and they save the work from the appearance of incompleteness which it would have had if it contained no mention of the labours of Poisson and Plana. On the whole, we think that the Syndics of the University Press have seldom used the funds at their disposal with better results than in undertaking the publication of this valuable contribution to our mathematical literature.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE TIBER.*

THERE is always a charm about river pilgrimages, whether the pilgrims are an Oxford four paddling quietly down to Henley, or Livingstone tracking the current of the Congo or the Nile. Running water has a beauty and a life of its own, which hardly needs the additional delight of novelty and stillness to fascinate one in an excursion. Even in the commonest English stream the pilgrim will find an England he has hardly known—an England of quiet meadows and little hamlets unvisited by the tourist, pleasant country inns which the devotees of rod and line keep secret from the world, picturesque reaches where great woods come down to the water's edge, or where the stream bursts from dark gorges to sun itself in great valleys set thick with corn, or to lie asleep beneath the shadow of grey church-towers. The Nile is of course the great haunt of river pilgrims; and we have heard of few as yet who have followed the adventurous example of the muscular Evangelical who did the Jordan and the Lake of Galilee in his canoe. But Nile and Jordan are a long way off, and it is in Italy or in France alone that a river pilgrim can find the charm of new scenes or picturesque beauty combined with the charm of a moderate expense. Italian rivers have, no doubt, difficulties of their own. They are apt to be either mud ponds or mill-races, and to offer a pilgrim the alternative of being stranded at every mile, or being whirled down their current in company with up-torn trees and the fragments of burst bridges. With the exception of the Po, indeed—a river which presents its voyagers with no view but that of its banks—their course is generally too brief a one to be very satisfactory. But in the Tiber Mr. Davies has lighted on a

model river for river pilgrims. Its course is long enough to afford plenty of variety in point of scenery and general interest, without falling into the opposite fault of being too long to traverse in a reasonable holiday. A week or two will carry any active traveller from Ostia to the simple little fount among the Apennines of which Mr. Davies gives us a description at the close of his book:—

By the side of the little stream which here constitutes the first view of the Tiber we penetrated the wood. It was an immense beech-forest, perhaps some part of it virgin to the tread of man. The trees were almost all great gnarled veterans, which had borne the snows of many winters; now they stood basking above their blackened shadows in the blazing sunshine. The little stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of splintered rock (here a limestone, in which small nummules and other organic remains are visible); sometimes creeping into a hazel thicket, green with long ferns and soft moss, and then leaping once more noisily into the sunlight. Presently it split into numerous little rills. We followed the longest of these. It led us to a carpet of smooth green turf, amidst an opening of the trees; and then, bubbling out of the green sod, embroidered with white strawberry blossoms, the delicate blue of the crane-bill and dwarf willow-herb, a copious little stream arose. Here the old man paused, and resting upon his staff, raised his age-dimmed eyes, and pointing to the gushing water, said, "E questo si chiama il Tevere a Roma!"

"And this is what they call the Tiber at Rome!" But between this little fountain and Rome lies a land of romance. The Apennines, with their wild forests of beech and chestnuts; the vast Umbrian plain, with Perugia and Assisi looking down over its meadows and streams; the woodlands of Todi and the maize-fields of Orte cleft by the deepening stream; the forked top of Soracte, seen mile after mile as the centre of the landscape; grey towers perched each on its hill-top, with dome and campanile etched out against the sky; mediæval fortresses, Roman aqueducts, Etruscan masonry, growing rarer and rarer till they give place to the solitude of the Campagna; the sudden vision of Rome, and again the solitude, till Tiber pours out past fever-swept towns and desolate river-reaches into the sunny sea—these form a series of pictures which an artist could hardly fail to seize on, and which Mr. Davies has turned, on the whole, to good purpose in his book.

Our only quarrel with him is when he puts down his pencil and exchanges the artist for the antiquary. Italy is a land of history, and half its charm, no doubt, is lost if we look at it without a memory of its past. Here and there Mr. Davies gives us glimpses of its past to very good purpose. We hardly know better illustrations of the life of the middle ages than may be found in some of the extracts from city chronicles which he has inserted towards the close of this book; indeed we are half tempted to revisit Perugia, if only to realize the feuds in its Piazza, or the preaching of Fra Bernardino, or the Miracle-Play in which "Eliseo de Cristofano, a barber of the gate of St. Agnolo," played so prominent a part. In all mediæval matters, indeed, Mr. Davies is tolerably well at home; but in classical matters he gives himself up blindly to the guidance of the Roman antiquaries, and a very wonderful business they make of it. The whole school of Roman antiquaries, it must be remembered, still live in an age not only before Sir George Lewis, but centuries before Niebuhr or Beaufort. Men with every appearance of sanity point out to you the exact spot where the wolf suckled the famous twins, or where Remus jumped over the wall of infant Rome. As to Romulus, he is as familiar to them as Pío Nono himself. All the legends of early Rome are regarded as exact history, and are told with perfect gravity in the funniest way in the world. Nothing can be more comic than the undoubting faith with which Mr. Davies, or the Roman antiquary who has instructed him, tells the old Livy-stories of our school-days, or than the modern and journalistic air which he sometimes gives to them. When we are told that, after the Rape of the Sabines, "Romulus endeavoured to excuse his conduct," gravity fairly gives way. But it is not always that a laugh rises us of the feeling of weariness at the amount of classical padding with which the earlier part of the book is weighted. Grant what amount of faith in Roman legends we may, there can be no possible reason for dragging in the whole story of Cincinnatus the moment we have passed the Castle of St. Angelo, when we have already been favoured with biographies of every emperor who was buried there, not to mention subsidiary accounts of Gregory the Great, Marozia, and Crescentius. This is sheer book-making, and it is all the more unbearable that the heaviness is not redeemed either by depth or accuracy. Nothing can be more meagre and insufficient, for instance, than the account we find here of the very curious tenth-century house which bears the name of Cola di Rienzo, but which Gregorovius identifies with the dwelling of the Crescentii. Sometimes we have statements which are sheer blunders, as that "the flat turret indicated adherence to the Ghibelline cause; a triangular indentation cut on the summit, attachment to the opposite Guelph interest." Verona is full of indented battlements erected by the great Ghibelline house of the Scalas. It is yet worse when the great Gothic King is called "Totilus," and the Imperial son of Germanicus is pronounced to be, not Caius Caligula, but Caracalla, and buried under that name in the mausoleum of Augustus!

Here, however, our quarrel with Mr. Davies stops. The moment he shuts his *Lemprière* and takes up his pencil again the book becomes pleasant and picturesque. In most of his descriptions we catch not only a vivid sketch of the scene before him, but the local colour which only thorough familiarity with Italian scenery can give. Take, for instance, a vignette which illustrates the Roman Campagna in the early morning:—

Through vistas of grey olives the vast plain of the Campagna was seen to stretch away, streaked with thread-like roads and dim lines of recurrent

* *The Pilgrimage of the Tiber.* By William Davies. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

aqueducts, spotted with groves of trees and towered mediæval fortress-farms, with a little white dwelling here and there, and perhaps a trail of thin, blue smoke curling gradually into nothingness. Almost twenty miles away, the dome of St. Peter's, clearly distinguishable in all its outline, though every trace of Rome was lost in distance, stood like the sentinel of this beautiful land; at the furthest horizon some faint, faint lines marking the region of far-off mountains. But if the distant prospect was lovely, not less so was that immediately surrounding. A neighbouring fountain, at a turn of the road which ran by, springing from a dim, cool grotto half buried in ferns and straggling trailers, gave refreshment to groups of picturesquely dressed wayfarers and their well-laden beasts of burden, the travellers themselves gossiping gaily or singing loudly, inspired with the delightful season. Beneath the trees a shepherd watched his flock, the sheep cropping the nutritious herbage with now and then a bleat of satisfaction, whilst a tinkling bell borne by one of them mixed its pleasant ringing with the rural voices that filled the air, and the gentle murmur of falling water.

There is a pleasant surprise in this gay picture of a scene which painter and word-painter alike have vied with each other in rendering in the gloomiest tones. But, lonely as the Campagna is, Mr. Davies is quite right in the impression he conveys; for there is no gloom in its loneliness. The exquisite purity of colour which is its special characteristic, the delightful peace and silence, the space and brilliancy of light, the picturesqueness of every common object—from the savage head of the buffalo, bent beneath his heavy yoke, to the wild shepherds and wilder shepherd-dogs—the deep herbage flushed with the scarlet and purple of wild flowers, and above all the ever-present mountain-line, etched out against the sky by its delicate fringe of snow in the spring-tide, beget a feeling of repose and delight in which all sense of gloom is lost. Visitors to Rome are a very wonderful race, but no part of their conduct is so marvellous as their neglect of the Campagna. We stop short, indeed, of the enthusiasm of a landscape-painter of our acquaintance, who believes that people will never discover the beauty of the Roman landscape till some kind hand has “smashed the old stones” which at present engross their attention; but there is no reason why the interest of visitors should not be more equally distributed between art and nature. As it is, Englishman after Englishman returns from the loveliest scenery in the world without having caught a glimpse of it save in the orthodox drive to Tivoli or the orthodox view from Monte Mario.

Not the least charm about Mr. Davies's book is his hearty sympathy with and appreciation of the Italian people. Nothing is more really humorous than the sly Italian humour, and one or two of the stories in the book catch something of its flavour. At Mentana, the scene of Garibaldi's defeat, the travellers were a little horrified to find the most benevolent-looking priest in the world, but a town without a school. They very naturally asked a small boy who was looking on why the benevolent-looking priest did not start one. “When he first came,” the boy answered, “he tried very hard to do so; but we were all so stupid we could not learn anything whatever, so he gave it up.” “And how does he occupy himself now?” asked the questioner. “Now,” said the boy, “he goes to sleep.” One can almost see the inevitable little shrug and the twinkle of the eye with which the conversation closed. We remember what a fund of amusement peasants in Southern Italy seem to get in crediting themselves with a *testa dura* when they are questioned as to their letters, and how, like the little imp at Mentana, they show a pride in the invincible nature of their ignorance. But the whole thing is simply fun, as any one who has ever spent an hour in an Italian school can testify. We have seen English schools and French schools, but the only schools where we ever saw children really alive at their work are the schools of Italy; and as to the natural capacity of the people, it is really immense. The same peasant-girl who calmly informs you she is a “block-head” will think it nothing very wonderful to produce one of those exquisite “canti” which show how living a thing poetry still is in Italy. What English peasant would dream of such a little gem of verse as this?—

Vola, palomba, quanto puoi volare,
Salisci in alto quanto puoi salire,
Gira lo mondo quanto puoi girare,
Un giorno alle mie mani hai da venire!

“Fly, dove, as far as you can fly; mount as high as you can mount; wheel round the wide world as far as you can wheel; one day you will have to come to my hands!” There are few more delightful collections than that of the “Canti Popolari Toscani” from which Mr. Davies has taken some songs of which he gives fair versions; but songs of this sort are, in fact, untranslatable. Their charm lies in the simplicity of phrase which conveys their tender and passionate imaginings. Nor is poetry the only art which still lives among the Italian peasantry. The best airs in Verdi are airs which he has caught from the mouths of Sicilian herdsmen, and in the little town of Veggiano every man, woman, and child has an instrument, and can play it. “I have seen,” said an informant to Mr. Davies, “a little child of three years old take the violin upon its knee, and play not merely with accuracy, but with a style and manner quite surprising.” And yet the peasants of Veggiano have no music-master, any more than the peasants of the Tuscan Apennines have a model for their songs.

Mr. Davies is clearly a landscape-painter, and his fancy goes out more kindly to the fields and the woods than to the art of man. We own to a little disappointment at the cold and meagre way in which he deals with the great pictures and frescoes he meets in his path. For the Tiber leads not only through a land historical and picturesque, but past some of the great centres of Italian art. Setting Rome of course aside, we have the frescoes of Luca Signorelli at Orvieto, the innumerable works of Pietro at Perugia,

the wonderful display of the whole school of Giotto at Assisi, and the less familiar, but quite as interesting, specimens of Pietro della Francesca in his own birthplace at Borgo San Sepolcro. Luca's work is done full justice to, but the rest are passed by with small notice. It is odd, too, that in his account of Todi, Mr. Davies should omit all notice of the most illustrious of its sons, the composer of the “Stabat Mater,” Jacopone de Todi. A sketch of the wild, romantic life of the great lawyer whom the sight of his dead wife's hair-shirt drove for ten years to madness, and who rose from his madness to become the first of the poets of Italy after S. Francis himself, would have enlivened the streets of the sleepy town on its Umbrian hill-top. If this pleasant little book runs into a second edition, its author may well make room for Jacopone and a few more mediæval heroes by cutting out the wearisome pages of vamped-up Roman legend. As it is, we are afraid that, coming as they do in the very opening of the “Pilgrimage,” they may blind a good many readers to the real merits of a book whose author knows how to see, and knows how to tell what he sees.

THE ROXBURGHE BALLADS.*

THIS is the beginning of an edition—an *editio princeps* we gather—of a collection of ballads ranging from the year 1560 to 1700, which was begun by the famous Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and enlarged by various collectors, the Duke of Roxburghe among them, and which is now in the British Museum. As the collection fills two folio volumes, and contains above a thousand broadsides, it is plain that in the three parts before us we have only a small instalment of what is to come. And collections of this kind have a very different look in the eyes of the book-collector, who collects books, broadsides, &c., for the sake of collecting them, and in those of one who, when they are collected, is quite ready to use them for more general purposes. To the one they come to have a kind of value in themselves; to the other they are valuable only so far as they illustrate some point of history, language, manners and customs, or anything else. Now there are very few compositions so utterly worthless that they do not in this way throw some light upon something; but to the inquirer who is not possessed by the genuine spirit of collecting for its own sake the phrases or allusions which do in this way illustrate anything often seem to come few and far between, and sometimes to be hardly worth the trouble of hunting them out among a mass of matter which to the outside world is often neither specially interesting nor specially instructive. Here and there we come upon a piece which has a direct historical bearing, though, when we remember how largely Lord Macaulay and others have drawn on contemporary ballads and broadsides, we do not find so many of these as we might have looked for. A very large number turn merely on the well-worn subjects of love, marriage, and conjugal faithfulness, among which of course it is only incidentally that we are likely to light on illustrative matter of any kind. And, very unluckily, most of the pieces are without dates. The editor seems carefully to preserve the printing and arrangement of the ballads, though of course in a paged book there can be no attempt to preserve the actual appearance of the broadsides. Most of them have woodcuts of the rudest and most grotesque kind, one or two of the best of which seem as if they had walked out of Sir John Maundeville. And certainly the fair maidens to the extolling of whose loveliness many of the pieces are devoted look anything but lovely, some of them hardly human, in their portraits. Thus in the two pieces headed “Amantium ire amoris redintegratio est” and “the Maydes Answer”—two pieces very full of references to Penelope, Cressida, Cynthia, Eneas, Dido, and what not—the “fayre and sweetest Nell,” “peerlesse Parragon,” “Phoenix of the World,” and so forth, shows only a faint approach to the human countenance, though in the second cut her ruff and a huge posy in her hand are plain enough. The same cut serves some time afterwards for the “Cruell Shrow.” The lover in the first picture, as he draws near to his “best and dearest,” at once reminds us of the knight in Sir John Maundeville who so calmly walks away while the loathly serpent lady comes after him; it is only minute study which shows us that the costume and gesture are not exactly the same. But where the maid makes her answer, the lover appears much less heroic in figure, but with a marked air of surprise. The next pair, the two constant lovers, Anthony and Constance, appear with some pretence at landscape in the background. Constance, who is unmistakably both human and female, is most elaborately dressed, with a wasp-like waist, and she has an Elizabethan house behind her and the sun looking down in a corner. She trips along with a jaunty air, while Anthony, who looks very sad, has the dress and full-bottomed wig of a gentleman of Charles the Second's reign, with what seems to be a castle-gate on a hillside behind him.

The first piece in the collection is a ballad in praise of the city of York, which is exalted above all other cities, save only London, and in some respects it is set above London itself. The date of this is 1584. The chief merit of the Northern metropolis is made to lie mainly in the excellence of its archery and of its Aldermen, the two forms of merit joining together in the person of a skilful archer and Alderman, Maltby by name. The Earl of Cumberland and the better known Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, both appear at the shooting-match, and the poet remarks on the

* *The Roxburghe Ballads.* Parts I. II. III. London: Reeves & Turner.

good agreement between the nobles and the civic dignitaries as something in which York had the advantage over London:—

God saue the Cittle of Yorke therefore,
That had such noble frendes in store
And such good Aldermen: send them more,
and the like good lucke at London;
For it is not little iove to see
When Lords and Aldermen so agree,
With such according Communalitie,
God sende vs the like at London.
*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
Of all the Citties that ever I see,
For mery pastime and companie,
Except the Cittle of London.*

But besides the Earls there were visitors at York whom one would less have looked for:—

At Yorke were Ambassadors three
Of Russia, Lordes of high degree;

and the poet goes on to tell of the wonder and delight with which they looked at the English archery. Some good advice is given to the Earl of Essex, as to one who "is now yong and prosperous," and it is added that

To use such properties vertuous
deserues great praise in London.

The ballad ends with a prayer for the Queen and for the encouragement of archery, and also

God graunt that (once) her Maiestie
Would come her Cittle of York to see,
For the comfort great of that Countree,
as well as she doth to London.

The next piece has also to do with Yorkshire and archery, recording "The Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton"—his knighthood is specially insisted on throughout—the famous Scottish pirate, as he seemed in English eyes. Charles Lord Howard commands, and the aged gunner Peter Simon does great things; but the man whose arrow actually struck the great enemy was

A Bowman rare,
whose active hands had gained fame,
A Gentleman born in Yorkshire,
and William Horsely was his name.

At the end he is knighted for his exploit, and his companions, both of higher and lower degree than himself, all get fitting rewards.

Then there is a ballad of Anne Askew, "I am a Woman Poor and Blind." It is aimed throughout at Bishop Gardiner, being one long play on his name:—

Long have I sought, but fain would find,
What Herb in my Garden were best to be.
A Garden I have which is unknown,
which God of his goodness gave to me,
I mean my body, where I should have sown
The seed of Christ's true verity.

Then,

With whole intent and one accord,
unto a *Gardiner* that I did know,
I desired him, for the love of the Lord,
true seed in my garden for to sow;

and so it goes on through the whole piece. The piece has no date, but, as the series begins in 1560, it must be several years after the death of Stephen Gardiner, and a good many years after that of Anne Askew. A companion piece to this is "A Rare Example of a Vertuous Maid in Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery; but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire" (p. 43), also without date. Then comes the well-known story of Pretty Bessee, the mythical version of Earl Simon, who is turned into a warrior fighting for the English King's title "in delicate France," and where the mythical tale seems made up of fragments of the no less mythical tales about the blindness of Belisarius and the escape of Harold.

The "Catholick Ballad," a little further on, has a date, 1678, and an author's name, "Walter Pope, A.M. of the Royal Society, and some time Fellow of Wadham College." It goes through most of the usual points of controversy in a coarse style. Just now one is struck to find the dogma of infallibility so fully taken for granted so long before it became a dogma. The virtue is said to lie in an old chair left at Rome by St. Peter—the curule chair of Pudens or any other:—

For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,
If our doctors may be believed,
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.
If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up,—
Though his nature we know to be evil,—
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Elsewhere we have "A Courtly New Ballad of the Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London by King Edward," and "the faire Maid of London's answer to King Edward's wanton Love." The King must be Edward the Fourth; there are no historical details, yet one cannot but be reminded of the story of Elizabeth Woodville—more accurately Elizabeth Grey—though she was not a maid but a widow, and had nothing specially to do with London. Two pieces are Scriptural, "the Constancy of Susanna"—where the heroine looks not a little like a wooden doll—and "the Story of David and Berseba," where the poet does not go on, like Sir John Maundeville, to say that the city of Beersheba took its name from

her. There is a sermon in verse under the heading "A Discourse of Man's Life," written fittingly in a more solemn metre, approaching to the effect of Gray's *Elegy*, though without the alternate rimes. And this is followed by a small *Divina Commedia*, or at least a small *Paradiso* and *Inferno*; the poet was doubtless too good a Protestant to bring in the third division. Here they take the form of "the Dead Man's Song, whose dwelling was neere unto Basings Hall in London." He sees the usual sights during a temporary death of five hours. The woodcuts are of the very meanest; yet they keep closely to the traditional forms, the Judge sitting on the rainbow, and hell drawn as the open jaws of a monster.

There are also incidental references here and there which have some value. "Come, buy this new Ballad" has no date, but it is marked by two allusions which seem to bring it within the sixteenth century:—

There be many rich men,
both Yeomen and Gentry,
That for their owne priuate gaine,
hurt a whole Countrey
By closing free Commons;
yet they'll make as though
'Twere for common good,
but I know, &c.

There be diners Papists
that, to saue their Fine,
Come to Church once a moneth
to heare Seruice Divine,
The Pope giues them power,
as they say, to doe so;
They saue money by't too,
but I know, &c.

In "Constance and Anthony" we read how

Anthony up was tane
By an English Runagade,
With whom he did remain
at the Sea-roving trade:
I'th nature of a slave
he did i'th Galley row;
Thus he his life did save,
but Constance did not know:

and the "runagade"—a form seemingly intermediate between "renegade" and "runagate"—is presently called "this English Turk." In a strange piece called "an Excellent New Medley," we read how

Hard hearted men make Corne so deare,
Few Frenchmen love well English beere;

and how "the Dutchmen thrue by Sea and Land." The poet adds—

I read in moderne Histories,
The King of Sweden's Victories;

and presently "Duke Humfry lies in Pauls." In another called "A Bill of Fare" is an allusion which we do not understand:—

Three dozen of Welsh Ambassadors bak't,
Which made such a noise it was heard through ye town;
Some, hearing the echo, their foreheads so ak't,
That many a smile was orecome with a frowne.

Then in "Blew-cap for me," in which a Scottish girl refuses all lovers save one of her own people, there are satirical sketches of various nations; there is the French, the Spaniard, the Netherland Mariner, also

A Welchman, that had a long sword by her side,
red prites, red Tublet, red Coat, and read Peard,
Was make a creat shew with a creat deal of pride,
and tell her strange tale that the like was nere heard;
Was reckon her pedigree
long before Prute;
No body was by her
that can her confute.

and also—

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
a proper tall gallant, with mighty mustachoes;
He weepes if the Lasse vpon him doe but frowne,
yet he's a great Fencer that comes to ore-match vs.

Ought not the Hamburg man to have been rather Low German than High?

MARJORIE DAW.*

MR. ALDRICH, the author of this little collection of novelettes, stands, so the *Chicago Evening Press* informs us, "at the head of American story-writers to-day." One of his stories, according to the *Hartford Courant*, is a "thousand times wittier than the sparkling society sketches of N. P. Willis." "Our literature," adds the *Boston Daily Post*, "can boast of nothing better in one of its highest, but most difficult departments, than these bright, fanciful, and humorous sketches." We have fairly repeated the advertisements prefixed to *Marjorie Daw*, that our readers may have their expectations aroused accordingly. Are we, in fact, about to have the pleasure—one of the rarest that fall to the critic's lot—of introducing to a new world of readers a genuine and hitherto unacknowledged genius? Is the great American novelist come at last? and will he introduce us to a form of art at once original and delightful? We should be very glad, could we conscientiously do so, to answer these questions in the affirmative; and yet we must admit that our own anticipa-

* *Marjorie Daw*. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. London: Routledge & Sons.

tions were not of a very sanguine order after reading these flattering testimonies. Perhaps it is the narrow-minded prejudice characteristic of Englishmen which has led us to regard American superlatives with a certain degree of suspicion; but the fact certainly remains that we unconsciously make a considerable deduction from the nominal value of those tributes before accepting them for genuine currency. On the other hand, we must guard ourselves against the danger of the reaction too often due to extravagant eulogy. It would be very cruel to make poor Mr. Aldrich suffer for the excessive zeal of his friends. Accordingly, having purified our minds as carefully as possible from either kind of prejudice, we are happy to express our opinion that Mr. Aldrich writes pleasant and graceful little stories enough, and may not improbably do better in future. We fail to recognize in him an American Walter Scott, and we cannot honestly say that he is destined in our opinion to eclipse the reputation of Hawthorne. Still anybody who likes literary trifles may read him without fear of offence from bad taste, if he is not likely to be dazzled by unusual exhibition of power. If Mr. Aldrich does not aim very high, if his pathos is not very deep, and his humour not specially keen, he has got a certain gracefulness of style which is not unattractive in its way. Perhaps, however, the best way of giving some more accurate gauge of his merits than can be derived from mere general terms of commendation is to give some account of the story which gives its name to the book, and which is perhaps the most ingenious trifle.

Poor Mr. Flemming is laid up in New York by a broken leg. The weather is hot, everybody is away for the holidays, and Mr. Flemming naturally becomes extremely irritable. Books have no charm for him, except that he keeps a pile of Balzac near his sofa to throw at his servant on the smallest provocation. His doctor begins to fear that he will fret himself into a serious illness, and writes to a common friend in the country to beg for at least some cheering letters. This friend, a Mr. Delane, is unable to come to his friend in person, but begins as lively a correspondence as he can manage. Delane describes the rather remote country district in which he is rusticated, but naturally is rather hard up for topics interesting enough to catch the attention of the invalid. He therefore snatches at the only approach to an incident, by describing a lovely young woman, Miss Marjorie Daw in fact, whom he can distinguish from his window swinging contemplatively on a hammock. The invalid is pleased with the description, and begs Delane for further information. Accordingly it comes out by degrees that Delane has made the acquaintance of the beautiful Marjorie; then he has long conversations with her, and indeed ventures to begin something like a decided flirtation. The flirtation, however, comes to little, and from an interesting cause. It appears that, although Miss Daw has never seen Mr. Flemming, she is so struck by his friend's description of his merits that she gradually refuses to talk about anything else. Mr. Delane is puzzled by her enthusiasm; but begins to believe in theories of spiritual affinity which may bring together two distant souls without any of the usual material means of communication. Meanwhile Flemming is naturally touched by the extraordinary interest expressed for him by the invisible beauty. He forgets his broken leg, and resolves, in spite of everything, to go into the country and there see the exquisite Marjorie face to face. His friend in vain raises difficulties, introduces an angry parent in the background, and passionately assures Flemming that his personal interference will only bring about awkward complications. Flemming, piqued and excited, finds that his leg is sufficiently cured, and in spite of mysterious telegrams of an obnoxious character, rushes off to be introduced to the lady. And then—our readers have possibly anticipated the catastrophe—it turns out that Miss Marjorie Daw is a mere figment of Delane's imagination, invented in order to draw off his attention from his broken leg. The device has been only too successful, and it is not surprising that its bold originator finds it expedient to retire for a time from the wrath of the invalid who has thus been tricked into self-forgetfulness. Some writers of a moralizing tendency might think it expedient to tack an explanatory moral to this little fable. Mr. Aldrich does not trouble himself with any such matters; and we may be grateful to him for his reticence. The story is, as it will be seen, a mere trifle; but, such as it is, it is well done, and the secret upon which it depends is covered with considerable cleverness till the end. The remaining stories vary from the sentimental to the extravagant; one of them, about the accidental interment of a living man, may have been suggested by Edgar Poe, though Mr. Aldrich makes a joke of his story before reaching the conclusion; and another upon an old bachelor with a craze about a son whom he might have had if a lady had married him, and who might, in that case, have been killed by tumbling off a roof, is apparently designed after the model of Hawthorne. Neither of them can be called first-rate; but we may fairly say that they are better than the average run of magazine stories.

It will be plain from what we have said that we do not quite recognize the coming novelist in Mr. Aldrich; but we are inclined to ask, even in reading fictions of this modest order, whether it is possible as yet to discover any national American flavour distinct from that of other literatures. M. Taine, as we know, has written a book showing how completely all the characteristic qualities of English writers have been the product of three determining causes—the race, the climate, and the epoch. Our satisfaction in his brilliant explanations is a little diminished by the recollection of the extreme facility with which events may always be explained

after they have happened. Given a Shakspeare or a Byron, and it is delightfully easy to show that a Shakspeare or a Byron was the inevitable product of a given race acted upon by a given set of circumstances. It would be a more unassailable triumph of criticism if somebody would construct a theory of a literature from purely *à priori* considerations. An excellent opportunity is offered in regard to America. Let M. Taine, or any person of equal omniscience, sit down and tell us precisely what will be the characteristics of American literature when completely developed. His speculations could not be verified, it is probable, for a generation or two, but it would be extremely consolatory to his grandchildren to know that they had had so clever an ancestor. We must confess ourselves unequal to the task for the present, and indeed it is one of no little complexity. The influences noticed by M. Taine are not easily estimated in this case. The Americans are perhaps not yet acclimatized; they still have something of the constitution which they acquired in our fogs, and what remains tends to unfit them for their fiercer suns and frosts. The race, again, is exceedingly heterogeneous; and it remains to be seen what kind of amalgam will be formed, and how an infusion of Teutonic mysticism, or of the mercurial Celtic element, will act upon the substratum of Anglo-American intellect. We should only be inclined to say one thing positively—namely, that we utterly distrust any prophecy that may be made. Meanwhile, however, if we may venture to argue from existing facts rather than from abstract speculation, we fancy that we can detect something characteristic about the tendencies of American literature, whatever may be the ultimate form of its development. Even these light stories have what may be interpreted as a stamp of nationality. We do not speak of certain Americanisms in language and style; nor even of the more external peculiarities of the writing. The difficulties, indeed, under which every American author more or less labours make themselves felt. The loss of the picturesque and the general simplification of social forms deprive our cousins of a fertile source of interest. Such characters, for example, as the stern parent or the oppressive peer of good old British fiction are fairly exiled from the country. How can parental tyranny be introduced when a young lady enjoys and exercises the privilege of seeing her own friends whenever and however she pleases, without the slightest reference to the prejudices of her family? If Americans have still a certain taint of snobishness about them, and even fall down before a lord when they are on this side of the Atlantic with as good a will as the most determined worshipper of rank in England, they cannot display their peculiarities in their own country, or, at least, not in the old way. There is, it would appear, as keen a struggle for social eminence among certain classes in New York as in England; but the idol before whom the worshippers bow is but a swollen mass of greenbacks and shoddy, and is by no means so picturesque an object as the conventional aristocrat of our native land. Driven from such forcible contrasts, the American writer who confines himself to describing his contemporaries is obliged to seek for his effects in a different order of observations. The ordinary American indulges in that peculiar humour which sometimes strikes us as cold and cynical, and sometimes as simply vulgar. The man of greater acuteness tries to make up for the want of the picturesque by greater refinement of observation. He catches something of the French neatness of construction and delicacy of insinuation, and sometimes makes us fancy that the more nervous and highly strung American will thus engraft a more delicate growth upon the rather coarse and earthly trunk of English literature. Some of Mr. Aldrich's stories certainly show a dexterity which we should hardly expect from a writer of the same rank in England. He is writing for an audience quicker at taking a hint and less anxious for strong stimulants. On the other hand, there is a curious tendency in the American to seek for interest in queer psychological observations, such as Hawthorne adorned with admirable literary skill, or as were put to worse purposes by Edgar Poe. The story which we have noticed about the monomaniac bachelor who weeps over a non-existent son is an example of this kind of writing; and though in weak hands it encourages that prurient love of the marvellous which expresses itself in American spiritualism, it certainly opens many resources for the genuine artist. Although we can dimly discern these tendencies, we are unable to say how they will ultimately be blended into a concrete whole; and are content for the present to watch with interest any symptoms of the growth of new forms of literary art.

BESANT'S FRENCH HUMOURISTS.*

IT has been asserted by skilful critics of literature and manners that the French as a nation are deficient in the quality of humour. To this statement there can be no better reply than Mr. Besant's book. The author traces the stream of humour in France from its earliest attainable source down almost to the point it has now reached, dwelling on the most famous authors, omitting only, for reasons stated in the preface, besides the writers of the fifteenth century, the names of Clément Marot and Voltaire. For all those whose talents go to swell and complete this long and powerful river, Mr. Besant claims, and justly, the possession in common of one quality, which is in itself peculiar and original, the

* *The French Humourists, from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century.* By Walter Besant, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, Author of "Studies in Early French Poetry," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1872.

esprit gaulois. To define this accurately is probably as difficult as to translate it; and the author's definition of it as a quality which wraps the satirist's darts in flowers, and administers his harmless poison in wine, is perhaps as near to the truth as one can expect to get. Whether this lightness of touch and good temper compensate for the irreverence and merely animal enjoyment which Mr. Besant allows to be their concomitants is another question. But to come to the subject-matter of the book; the author discovers the earliest form of satire in the "sirvente," an imitation of monkish rhymes, half in Latin half in French, which made its appearance close on the heels of the "chanson," or pastoral song of the Langue d'Oïl, sung by the *trouvères*. Of two or three of these "chansons" Mr. Besant gives some very pretty translations, one so pretty that we are tempted to quote it:—

It is early in the morning,
At the very break of day,
My love and I go roaming
All in the woods to play.
The dew, like pearl-drops, bathes our feet,
The sweet dew-drops of May.
In the sweetest place of any,
Mid the grasses thick and high,
Caring nothing for the dew-drops
That around us thickly lie,
Bathed and lapped in glittering May-dew,
Sit we there, my love and I.
As we pluck the whitethorn blossom,
As we whisper words of love,
Prattles close beside the brooklet,
Sings the lark and coos the dove.
Our feet are bathed with May-dew,
And our hearts are bathed in love.

This, written by one of the numberless song-writers who abounded at the latter end of the eleventh century, has a fresh ring and sweetness that would do credit to the most charming of song-writers, Peacock. In the hands of one possessing so much mastery of his subject and his pen as does the author of the *French Humourists*, it may have gained something of this even in the process of translation; if this is not so, it does not deserve the slighting remarks with which it is dismissed. A little later than the date of this song comes Guyot, who has by some been called the first satirist of France, to which title the author takes exception on the ground that it is unfair to choose a man who represents a certain *genre* of literature, and call him its inventor. Whether Guyot has any claim to the title of inventor or not, he must be credited with speaking his mind when he calls the age he lives in "horrible and stinking." After him, in the thirteenth century, we have Rutebeuf the *trouvère*, a type of the Bohemian poet of all times—poor always and thriftless, oppressed with a propensity for gambling which is irresistible because he does not choose to resist it, married to a wife who brings him too many children and grows old and ugly, which natural result of the course of time he resents as an insult aimed at himself. But not the less are his songs lively and merry until worse things overtake him; he loses first his money, then the sight of one eye, and finally he "patches up his old body for heaven," and dies in the bosom of the Church. At this time he probably repented the authorship of the *Chanson des Ordres*, in which he impartially flagellates every order of monks, and wherein is to be found one of the earliest types of the hypocritical priest who turns up all through French satire till he culminates in Tartuffe. Rutebeuf was the author also of the best of the old miracle plays, and of several *fabliaux*, one of which, translated in good verse by Mr. Besant, is remarkable both for its own merits and for bearing a resemblance in its leading idea to the Norse legend of the man whose soul could find no reception, either above or below, after his death. From Rutebeuf Mr. Besant takes us to the *Romance of the Rose*, which, as he says, for two hundred and fifty years continued to live as a sort of Bible in France, a reservoir of morality, science, and even religion. Begun by Guillaume de Lorris, in about 1240, it was continued by Jean de Meung, in about 1280, according to the author's computation, which appears to be well founded. Intended by the first writer as an allegory, it was taken up by the second more as a vehicle for his own ideas than for any other purpose. The allegory, in the first instance, does not seem to have had any other meaning than the evident one, although the ecclesiastics forced a religious one upon it, as they had before that time done in better known examples; and Molinet, in the fifteenth century, went so far as to assert that the singing of birds heard by the youth in the Garden of Delight represented the preaching of holy doctors.

However this may be, the *Romance of the Rose*, as continued by Jean de Meung, had an enormous success and an enormous influence. Out of the confused mass of opinions which Jean de Meung pitchforked into it, Mr. Besant selects four salient points—his hatred of monks, his protest against the extravagant respect paid to women, his wish to communicate in the common tongue as much science as he could, and his desire to circulate certain vague principles of republicanism which were beginning to appear. In spite of his objection to monks, he seems to have been an orthodox churchman enough; for he is found siding with Guillaume de St.-Amour in an attack on the "Eternal Gospel" of Joachim, Abbot of Flora, the authorship of which St.-Amour, following, as Mr. Besant tells us, "the instincts of his time, flatly ascribes to the Devil, the alleged author of so many theological books." Nor was his republicanism of a very violent nature, for

we find him six hundred years ago discussing in perplexity the very same questions of politics, religion, and science which vex the minds and fill the journals of the nineteenth century. Confused crude mass as it was, his poem deserved the success it has obtained, because it was the work of a man of true sympathy and power; it was the only cheerful book of its time, because the only one of genius; while the smaller poets bewailed the presence of the darkness, Jean de Meung looked on to the light beyond and sang of its radiance.

In the account of Eustache Deschamps, who followed in the wake of Jean de Meung, the most noticeable thing is the speech of Adam to the world. There is a resemblance in this to Leibgeber's speech of Adam in Jean Paul's *Siebenkäs*; and in its refrain, "vous estes tous d'une pel revestus," there is a hint of *Sartor Resartus*. After Deschamps comes a name far better known than his or than Jean de Meung's, that of Rabelais, about whom, as one would expect, Mr. Besant has much that is interesting to say. Those who would find a masterly sketch of this giant of satire's life and works cannot do better than look at that contained in the *French Humourists*. Three points may be here noticed; that Rabelais began to write at the age of fifty, that Pantagruel the wise and majestic, not the intellectual but soulless Panurge, is the true hero of Rabelais, and that there are three things which the satirist never attacks—royalty, the art of medicine, and Christianity. Mr. Besant, however, disposes very summarily, in the negative, of the question whether Rabelais was a Christian or not; and, having rescued him from all the real evil that clings to his reputation, he sums up by declaring that, although Rabelais was a great moral teacher, he destroyed all earnestness in France for centuries to come, and that it would have been better for France had his book been hoisted into the sea and sunk. Both these assertions may be questioned. Lovers of Montaigne, who follows Rabelais, will question also Mr. Besant's statement that the *Essays* owe their greatest charm to the fact that they reveal, not only the secrets of a soul, but of a soul not much above the commonplace. As a general truth, Mr. Besant's statement to account for the popularity of commonplace writings, that the mass of the public like the easy wanderings of a mind of their own level, is very good; and his picture of a pyramid of popularity with Tupper and A. K. H. B. at the base is well conceived; but one cannot help thinking that it would be well for the commonplace if such a soul as Montaigne's were only a little above it. After Montaigne comes the celebrated *Satyre Ménippée*, the work of many pens, which appeared after the meeting of the States in 1593; of its extraordinary wit and bitterness Mr. Besant's extracts in translation give a good idea. Then follows Mathurin Regnier, called by the author the king of French satirists, in whose two lines—

Je diray librement pour finir en deux mots,
Que la plus part des gens sont habillez en sotts—

is one original of a saying which startled the world as a novelty when it was said again in plain English by a great writer some years ago.

One would wish to speak of Mr. Besant's clever remarks on St.-Amant, on Voiture and Benserade, on Boisrobert, who seems to have been a kind of Falstaff; but it is impossible to do justice to them in a limited space, and we go on to Scarron, about whom the author appears to have fallen into a curious mistake. In one page he tells us that Scarron was pre-eminently a writer of burlesque and nothing else, and thereupon he gives a nearly accurate description of the function of burlesque, in which there is no room for anything lofty, anything pure or real. A few pages later he tells us how Scarron laughed, with but a rueful laugh, at his own sufferings; how under his mask of railery we can see the bitter pains of disappointment convulsing his face. Such laughter as this surely belongs to the regions of comedy, not of burlesque. In true comedy there is always a sad, even a tragic, under-current; in burlesque there is nothing serious, or rather the outward shape only of seriousness is or should be preserved, to make a grotesque contrast to the rollicking fun beneath it. However, Scarron no doubt did write a good deal of burlesque, and it is ungracious perhaps to cavil at a point of this kind where so much is good. Of La Fontaine Mr. Besant gives a lively sketch, beginning with reminding us of the contempt we felt in our school-days for a writer who could employ in cold blood French of so idiomatic a nature ("How different," says Mr. Besant, "from the great Caesar, who, mindful of his destiny, wrote for the third form!"), and ending by comparing him with some justice to Mr. Dickens's Harold Skimpole. To Boileau the author gives the highest praise as a versifier, as a critic of taste, as a master of language; but he emphatically denies him all claim to the title of poet. In the highest sense of the word perhaps he was not a poet; he was not exactly a creator; but cannot he who fashions the rude materials of others into a form well-defined, beautiful, and harmonious, be said to have made that form? If Pope was a poet, so certainly was Boileau; and we cannot help quoting against Mr. Besant his own statement earlier in his book that no writer invents. Of Molière's life and times an excellent picture is given in the *French Humourists*. His own life was saddened by a marriage which ended in misery, but for this sorrow he found some consolation in the friendship of such men as Boileau and Racine. Very interesting is the account of the founding of the Troupe de Monsieur, out of which, amalgamated with the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre du Marais, grew afterwards the Comédie Française; and very curious is the resemblance between the state of society which gave rise to the *Précieuses Ridicules* and the *Femmes*

Savantes, and the agitation about Woman's Rights which goes on at the present day. Molière is but little read in England now; his works are known chiefly through an occasional performance by a French company; yet the lightness and keen brilliancy of his comedy have no rival save in Shakspeare. In what estimation the man himself was held by the great of his day is proved by the Prince de Condé's answer to one who came to him saying "I have brought you Molière's epitaph." "Would to God," said the Prince, bursting into tears, "it was Molière bringing me yours."

From Molière Mr. Besant takes us to Regnard, second to Molière as Ben Jonson was to Shakspeare. He is chiefly known by his comedies—few people probably have read his travels in Lapland—and best by the best of these, the *Folies amoureuses*, which is impossible and conventional, but sparkling with gaiety and animation. Gresset is remembered only by his poem of *Ver-vert*, of which Mr. Besant gives an admirable and nearly full translation. The story of the pious parrot sent from one convent to another, and picking up oaths and loose talk from the sailors on the way, has been repeated in many forms since its first appearance. Poor Gresset later on, terrified at the horrible fate of young La Barre, who only a hundred years ago was tortured and put to death for having omitted to salute an ecclesiastical procession, wrote an abject apology to his bishop for having been the author of anything so light and worldly as *Ver-vert*. His comedies apparently required no apology on the ground of lightness. The singularly dramatic life of that clever adventurer Caron de Beaumarchais is put by Mr. Besant into a semi-dramatic form, and may give materials to any modern playwright who chooses to study it. After him Mr. Besant closes his list with Béranger, to whom he assigns perhaps a higher place than is deserved. That he was a man whose life as well as his songs may well bring the tears into our eyes, that he was a man of intense humanity and large sympathy, will not be denied; but to say that there has been no lyricist like him in any language, and that he is in some sort the Shakspeare of France, is going somewhat too far. With more propriety he might be called the Burns of France. Indeed, further on Mr. Besant allows that in Béranger, in spite of his many poetic qualities, there is something which we miss, and he deserves credit for the discovery that this something is the fact that we look to be led by the poet, and we find him always following; that we listen for the voice of a man, and we hear the voice of the multitude. The author concludes his book by pointing out one quality which is common to all the French singers of whom he has told us, that they all strike the chord of regret for wasting life and coming death. This is true enough, but it is less true that "we in England, less natural than the French, have agreed not to harp upon this great human sorrow." Here, as in his last sentence, where he claims for French humour an absolute supremacy over English, most readers will judge the author to be blinded by partiality. He has, however, displayed great good taste in keeping this opinion out of sight till the last page of his book; he has made a witty and interesting book out of an excellent subject, and has shown that he possesses himself a large share of that quality of humour in which he claims pre-eminence for the French nation.

SCHERFF'S INFANTRY WITH THE OTHER ARMS.*

WE are not sure that the old wording, "Tactics of the Three Arms," would not have been more appropriate to the purpose of Major Scherff's new volume than that on which he has fixed. It is to be remembered, however, that this is published as the third of a series bearing the general description "Studies of the New Tactics of Infantry"; and hence the author has no doubt felt bound to preserve in his title-page the predominance of that great arm to which he directs his chief attention throughout, though his first Part only was devoted to it to the exclusion of the higher combinations which generals have to employ. This favour to the infantry will not, however, lessen the importance of what he writes of the other arms. Indeed there is an absolute thirst just now among educated soldiers for sound teaching on this head of combined tactics. It is beginning to be understood that strategical study, however interesting to the many in the abstract, can only be of practical service in the hands of a chosen few; whereas every soldier worthy of the name hopes, or at least longs, for the opportunity of handling a mixed force. And whilst this is generally felt, it is equally certain that, as the old handbooks utterly fail of their usefulness in the rapid and violent changes which have come over war, so very few soldiers have the power to sit down and draw up codes for themselves out of the historical incidents lately transacted in France. To do this requires a power of analysis in reading the true causes of success, and a mastery over the use of the facts so brought out, which it would be vain to look for in any one who has not joined great opportunities to special gifts.

Major Scherff's treatment of his new subject is of the same character which has marked his earlier productions; and, as we before described it, it is the very reverse of that of Boguslawski, in that he neither marshals individual facts from the late war in support of his views, nor brings principles down to the invariable test of its experience. He is ever looking further onwards. Without the prophetic genius of May, he is yet engaged in the same task that occupied that gifted writer a few years since, of carrying his countrymen forward from the successful efforts of the past to the

possibly more serious struggles of the future. He gives two distinct reasons in his preface to the new Part for this determined avoidance of the use of historical examples or recent experiences of war. In the first place, he says, this method has been so widely used in modern military literature that it would be superfluous to add more in this direction. In the second place, he has from the beginning resolved to follow rather the discussional than the dogmatic mode, and only to seek to attain, as far as is possible in so very practical a matter, the logical abstract view.

Much of this preface of his, which is by no means the least interesting part of the work, is devoted to the demonstration of his favourite thesis of infantry being above all the arm that must be studied. And here he takes pains, as many readers will be glad to see, to redeem his work from the reproach to which he had laid it open—as we in our former notice had felt bound to remark—of excusing the injustice done by others to May whilst he lived, and their ingratitude to his memory. In explaining and illustrating his illustrious predecessor's remarks made in 1867 as to the vast importance which the skilful tactical use of artillery would exercise in the next war, he employs language which can hardly be regarded as less than an apology for the slighting expressions employed in his first Part. In the *Tactical Retrospect* he now sees "the flashes of divination" (*divinatorischen Lichtblicke*) which May's admirers have long claimed for it, and throws his whole strength into his argument to show that it is those who have built up an exaggerated ideal of the power of artillery on May's words, and not May himself, who have been misleading others on this point. "To us," is Scherff's own view, "May seems rather to have only desired to indicate a means by which the preponderance might be gained in future wars, if such could not be attained, as it was in 1866, by means of a better weapon." In short, here May was right, and understood the proportions of the arms, though others have misinterpreted him as putting the artillery for the future constantly in the first place.

For, if you want to be sure, as Major Scherff ably points out, which is the really important arm, observe which it is that gives its own special importance to any of the others at special eras. That the splendid achievements of Seydlitz's horse, for example, were ever possible, was due directly to the strictly line tactics of the infantry of their day. That modern artillery ever attained the degree of influence which it has of late confessedly reached, is due as directly to the use or misuse of infantry columns. And it is the skirmishing tactics of infantry (which throughout his work he insists have as completely banished the column as the column destroyed the line) that have given to the careful strengthening of the position, and to the musketry trenches of the engineer, their newly increased importance. For though we have spoken of "the three arms" as the familiar term of old tactical writers, our author, more logically exact, never forgets that there is now a fourth, whose humbler labours the science of modern battles has made indispensable to its older comrades.

We shall not survey this volume in detail. It would be doing its elaborate chapters great injustice to attempt to treat them thus in our short space. The general plan follows that of the first in its separation of the general subject into what the author decides to be its different phases—the Approach, the Introduction, the Accomplishment, and the Use made of that "Tactical Decision" which is the real object of the whole. Each of these would need a separate review to do it justice, and from any one of them might be taken special parts which would serve to illustrate the breadth of view and the clearness of thought which combine in the author's treatment. Such, for instance, is that discussion of the best organization of cavalry when actually employed alone in such a service as the covering of a frontier, or the watching of a hostile army, which reduces to scientific principles the whole of the Uhlan practice of the war. Infantry have here, of course, to be left altogether out of the question, and artillery also, except such light batteries as form an integral part of every large cavalry force. Nowhere else can there be found any such careful consideration of the motives which should govern the distribution of the troops employed in such a service, and the arrangements for their command. And the chapter is a sufficient proof of itself of the peculiar many-sidedness of the training which has given its just reputation to the special body over which Count Moltke personally presides. And yet with all this universality in their education, it can also be said of the Prussian General Staff that no science bearing on military events is there without its special representatives; and as we write these lines we read the order in which its renowned head, in the name of the whole, pays a farewell tribute to the memory of the late Colonel Von Sydow, whose close geographical studies, as is truly observed, have given his name an honoured place among the first scientific men of his time.

But to return to Major Scherff. We will now notice briefly his treatment of one special topic, the composition of a light advance guard, the *Vorhut*, for which we have no special word in our vocabulary, since it is the advance of the *Avantgarde* itself, and destined to cover the latter in just the same proportion in which this covers the main body of an army or a corps. How it is to be made up is the question; and in his reply we observe that Major Scherff is not afraid to discard the standing Instructions of his own service when they conflict with practical utility. We shall follow his own words, as they will be new to our readers, and can hardly be improved upon:—

As to its formation. Its task begins with the reconnoitring glance; it ends with the resistance which gives time for the troops covered to form up. It is easy to make the needful deductions. First, the divisional cavalry, or

* *Die Infanterie im Verande mit den anderen Waffen.* Berlin: Bath. 1873.

at any rate by far the greater part of them, should march at its head. This arm it is which is charged with the close reconnoitring of front and flanks, and the connexion with the grander reconnoissances conducted far to the army's front by the cavalry divisions sent on. As it can play but a subordinate part in the real struggle of the infantry division, so its being placed in force with the advance takes nothing from the strength of the whole.

The probable necessity for a combat demands as a second line infantry, the proper representative of the action fought to gain time. The general reasons for keeping the advance as low in strength as is consistent with its purpose apply especially here. This is the arm which can carry out its assigned task with the least proportion of strength; which it is hardest to bring back out of an engagement once fully entered on; and which most sensibly weakens the division behind if it be thrown away with the advance.

A supply of artillery is advisable. Only by using its fire can the actual fact of an encounter with the enemy be established. It can clear away trifling opposition, and enable the march to go on. It gives a sort of support if the defensive has to be assumed; and if a demonstration of attack be necessary, it enables it to be done to advantage. As, however, real fighting is not the business of the advance, a minimum strength of one battery will generally suffice.

As to the engineers, their special business, almost without exception, puts this arm at the head of the column.

With this extract we take our leave for the present of Major Scherff and his thoughtful essays. But there is a word we would say here on the philosophy of those who write and those who read such books as that from which we are parting.

It is from no bloodthirstiness, we are sure, nor even from any mere professional lust for war, that Major Scherff and other writers of his class throw their full efforts into the task of improving on the military past of the German army, and bringing it up to their own ideal of military perfection. We know well that such science as theirs is obnoxious to many; most of all to the prophets of a creed who ceaselessly preach peace and fraternity among nations whilst war against all society is in their hearts. Those who were wont to denounce the swagger of the typical soldier of bygone days, whom they felt instinctively as an obstruction in their path, have at least as much reason to hate the calm science of the military teacher of the present day. But, writing not for destructive philosophers, but for the mass of educated Englishmen, we may take leave to point out, that in seeking a high standard for their profession, the leading military minds of Germany—and of other countries so far as they follow these—are but acting as practical men should do, in accepting the facts of the world around them. They find their age to be one of war. This may be lamentable; it may be exceptional; but it is nevertheless admittedly the truth. They see that for a time at least diplomacy in its stricter sense has been superseded by arms. By arms all the great political achievements of the age have been accomplished; and to arms still those look who have great political projects in view. Very little is there to be discovered at present of any counterbalancing force. The one attempt made by Great Britain to bring in a new mode of settling international differences has not been so successful as to call forth admiration from others or exultation from ourselves. We shall hardly repeat the experiment very soon, and it is little likely to be imitated by our neighbours. In brief, the great nations around us are as resolved to maintain large forces as to improve their fighting powers. We do not dare—whatever peace doctrinaires may say—to close our eyes to this truth. And as we cannot pretend to rival our continental neighbours in the quantity of soldiers under arms, it becomes all the more the duty of those among us who have the power to take care that the quality of our troops, and among other points their mastery of such tactical secrets as those Major Scherff unfolds, does not fall behind the demands of the age.

RUSSIAN METRICAL ROMANCES.*

EVEN to Russians themselves the vast tract of sterile land which stretches towards the North-East from St. Petersburg to Archangel is very little known. It is not an inviting part of the country; a land of forests and swamps, and one in which travelling is not a luxury. There a scanty population maintains with difficulty an unequal struggle against the unfriendly forces of nature. The soil is in many places so marshy that no cart can be driven over it, and only sledges can be used, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the hard-working peasant can rear upon it a scanty crop of oats. To him are unknown what the moujik in other parts of Russia considers the necessities of life—grain for making *kasha*, cabbages for stewing into *shchi*, gherkins for giving a savour to existence. Only in the neighbourhood of the great Lakes Onega and Ladoga, which keep up an uninterrupted water-communication with St. Petersburg, would the conditions of peasant life be considered by a South-Russian at all endurable. The cruel climate, the dreary winter nights, the thankless soil, the hard fare, the ceaseless labour which characterize this part of the Russian Empire, all tell heavily against its inhabitants, all seem to be most unfavourable to their chances of health and happiness. And yet, according to the testimony of the compiler of the work now before us, an eye-witness on whom full reliance may be placed, these supporters of an almost desperate conflict with the summer's burning heat and the winter's deadly cold, with frequent fever and not unfrequent famine, are a sturdy, brave-hearted, and God-fearing race, who in the midst of incessant strivings after small and very uncertain gains keep their tempers and even retain

their spirits. But stranger still is the undoubted fact that this bleak region is the special home of Russian minstrelsy; that amid these sombre forests and melancholy swamps have been preserved the remains of the Russian epics; that these hard-handed and illiterate farmers and fishermen still chant at their work, or beside their hearths, those songs about the heroes of olden days which have long ago sunk into silence in almost all other parts of the Empire.

It was in order to perfect his already extensive acquaintance with these rustic minstrels that Alexander Hilferding, the President of the Russian Ethnographical Society, started in the summer of 1872 on a proposed tour through the Olonets Government. During a previous visit he had written down an immense mass of the poetry orally current in that province; but, before publishing it, he wished to go over the same ground again, with the view of giving a few final touches to his work. On the 22nd of June he wrote to his wife, saying that he had just completed a successful voyage of seventeen hours in a barge, in which he had taken his passage for the sake of conversing with the peasants it was conveying. Five days later he was lying at Kargopol, prostrated by an attack of typhus fever, which he had doubtless contracted on board the barge, and on the 2nd of July he died. Like Professor Fedchenko, so recently lost to Russia on an Alpine glacier, he was taken away in the prime of life, at a time when there was every reason to hope that long years lay before him of honourable labour and well-deserved success. Fortunately, however, for science, the results of his industry have not perished with him. Not only has he left behind several works of great value published during his lifetime, but since his death there has appeared the collection of Popular Poetry which he was engaged in completing during the expedition which proved so fatal. It forms a bulky double-columned folio of about seven hundred pages, and it contains a vast mass of poetry, chiefly of what may be called an epic character, which is of the greatest interest, not only to the student of mythology and folklore, but also to the historian and the philologist. We need not dwell upon the dialect in which it is written, the peculiarities of which are of minor interest to English readers; but we will attempt to give some idea of the general character and the leading features of the principal romances, if they may so be styled, which it contains.

The greater part of those poems belong to what is known as the Kief or Vladimirian cycle, relating the doings of a small band of heroes at the Court of Vladimir, "Great Prince" or Grand Duke of Kief. Like Charlemagne among his Paladins or Arthur in the midst of his Knights, Vladimir forms the central, though not always the most prominent, figure on the minstrel's stage. And Kief is the point around which the heroes circle, often roaming far away on divers missions into heathen lands, but always returning to the holy city where their lord spends his time in a succession of banquets and other regal festivities. From these he every now and then is abruptly summoned by evil tidings. Enemies are at hand, a heathen foe has sworn to hew down the walls of the stately city, to dishonour "God's churches," and to consume with fire the gleaming palace of the prince. Vladimir sinks at once into the deepest dejection, and wanders disconsolate through his halls, weeping and wailing and refusing to be comforted, till one of his champions comes to his aid, and sweeps away the threatening hosts as the wind scatters the chaff. Then Vladimir returns to his interrupted revels, and once more the ears of men are cheered by the clatter of dishes and the clinking of flagons, their nostrils rejoice in the savour of "white swans," and their hearts are made glad by copious draughts of "green wine." It may seem strange that the name of Vladimir, historically rendered illustrious by the "Equal-to-the-Apostles" saint and monarch who Christianized Russia and laid the foundations of its Empire, as well as by the prince, surnamed Monomachus, whose renown at a later period justly spread far and wide, should be associated in romance with so unheroic a person as the monarch whom the Builinas represent as ruling at Kief. But the poems relating to that city are evidently of a character the reverse of historical, seeming to be founded for the most part on dimly remembered traditions, probably of a mythical nature, which once related to other actors and other scenes, but which in the course of time became applied to the person and the court of a monarch whose name had impressed itself upon the memory of the people. What is really remarkable is that the popular memory should have been able to retain so well the unwritten songs sung in honour of the almost imaginary ruler of a long-forgotten principality—of that city of Kief which, after being ruined by the Tartars, remained during so many centuries subject to Lithuanians and Poles, until the fact of its actual existence must have been effaced from the recollection of the peasantry of Great-Russia, even in those districts in which its ancient glories were still hymned by rustic minstrels. Of no small interest is the fact that far away on the confines of civilization the weariness of an Arctic winter night is still dispelled by the voice of the village rhapsodist, chanting in a strange archaic measure songs which speak of fruits and foliage unknown to his Northern clime, of warriors in gleaming armour, of chieftains in princely array, of heroic adventure and of royal revels. And these songs have been handed down to their reciters by a long line of peasant ancestors, who, under by no means easy conditions, preserved in their humble circles at least a considerable portion of the floating mass of semi-epic poetry which the singers of olden times devoted to the praises of existing personages, or to the preservation of current traditions. So strange to some

* *Onezhskiya Builini*, &c. [*Onega Builinas*, written down by A. F. Hilferding in the summer of 1871.] St. Petersburg. 1873.

minds has appeared this tenacity of the popular memory, that there were not wanting sceptics who long refused to acknowledge the authenticity of the Russian poems of this class published at different times during the present century. But the appearance of the great collections of Ruibnikof and Kiréefsky, with their full and exact descriptions of the reciters from whose lips their contents were taken down, almost put an end to such doubts, which were finally set at rest by the appearance last year at St. Petersburg of one of the principal rhapsodists—a peasant all but fourscore years old, whose portrait is given in the present volume—who sang his songs before royalty and in the presence of assembled science in such a manner as to gain the entire confidence of his hearers as well as the medal “for merit.”

The poems contained in this collection are 318 in number, but many of them are variations of the same tale, the distinct themes treated in them being about ninety-two. The story which occurs most often, no less than twenty-four versions of it being given, is that of Dobruinya and Alyosha. The former hero is the model “gentleman” of Vladimir’s Court, noble by birth, brave in the field, courteous in the hall. The latter, on the contrary, bears but an indifferent reputation. A *popovich*, or priest’s son, he is supposed to have the “greedy eyes” attributed to ecclesiastics by Russian proverbs; he behaves to women in an unknighly manner, his courage is not above suspicion, mighty warrior though he be, and implicit reliance is not to be placed upon his word. Such is the suitor who woos Dobruinya’s wife after her husband has been absent for six years without any news being heard of him. Vladimir, though Dobruinya’s uncle, supports Alyosha’s suit, but the Slavonic Penelope refuses to yield her hand until twelve years have passed. Then she is obliged, though sorely against her will, to accede to his prayer. The wedding feast commences, but it ends of course in the old familiar way. Like Ulysses, Dobruinya returns in time to rescue his prudent wife and punish the audacious suitor. As in the “King Horn” story, he reveals himself by a ring which he drops into a cup from which the bride drinks. Like the sun after its nightly or wintry eclipse, he shines forth again after his long absence, and all is brightness and joy. It is an old story, but the manner in which it is treated is novel and curious. Less familiar to us is the tale which tells how Dobruinya won the hand of the singular maiden who afterwards became the heroine of the story just now quoted. One of its many versions is to the effect that Vladimir’s favourite niece was carried off one day by a winged snake or dragon. Now Dobruinya had already had a passage of arms with this snake, which had attacked him while bathing, contrary to his mother’s commands, in the enchanted river Puchai, and had forced it to promise it would no longer haunt Holy Russia, no longer vex Russian souls. So he is sent by Vladimir to negotiate the liberation of the fair captive. After rescuing her, Dobruinya is accompanying her back to Kief, when he comes across the traces of what he assumes to be a gigantic war-horse. So he leaves Alyosha to take charge of the princess, while he himself follows in the track of the mysterious steed. After a time he comes up with a heroine of the Brynhildr class, who is riding across the plain “in maiden meditation, fancy free,” and he most ungalantly bestows upon her three swashing blows. But she, unmoved as Skrymir affected to be under Thor’s terrific strokes, pays no attention whatsoever to the first and second of Dobruinya’s attentions, but after undergoing the third she remarks:—

Methought the gnats were biting;
Lo it is a doughty Russian champion fillying!

Then she seizes him “by his yellow curls” and drops him, horse and all, into “her deep pouch.” But after a time her horse complains of the double weight, so she draws him out, saying:—

If he be old I will cut off his head,
But if I like him I will marry him.

And the result is that she rides away with him to Kief, where she, after being baptized, becomes his wife. The story is of special interest, inasmuch as it seems to have been greatly affected by two widely differing influences, the one Scandinavian, the other Central Asiatic. Traces of these, as well as other influences—Byzantine, Lithuanian, Finnish, &c.—are to be found in most of these poems, which were originally composed, in all probability, by minstrels who, like the old *trouvères*, framed the skeletons of their romances out of any fitting bones which lay near at hand, without troubling themselves as to the nature of the ossuary they came from. But the Sagas of the North were probably familiar to the Kief princes and nobles, the descendants of Rurik and his Scandinavian compatriots, and many a wild tale from Central Asia must have been brought into Europe by the Tartars, whether as conquerors or as traders, so that the North and the East are likely to have produced on the popular literature of Russia such an effect as actually seems to be evinced by some of its metrical romances.

By far the most popular of the heroes of those romances is Ilya Muromets. The son of a peasant farmer in the neighbourhood of Murom—the Russian critics, it may be remarked, lay great stress on the democratic nature of the Builinas as opposed to the aristocratic tone of all lays of chivalry—he lies for thirty years as a cripple among the ashes beside his father’s hearth. Then a magic draught is given him by certain supernatural visitors, converted in the *stikhs* or semi-religious poems into “God’s angels,” and he rises from his humble resting-place as strong as Cinderella was fair. From that time his life is passed in a series of heroic adventures, a continuous narrative of which has been given by a

writer of the present day, who has, as it were, sewed together the various fragments relating to Ilya (Elijah), and so produced a sort of epic of respectable length bearing the suggestive title of *Ilyada*, or “the Ilyad.” The hero’s first triumph is over a band of robbers, brigands like to those who, even in modern times, were wont to lend an added terror to the gloomy forests of Murom; his second is gained before the walls of Chernigof, the siege of which by countless Pagans he raises by his unassisted valour; his third, the record of which forms the theme of one of the best known *skazkas* or Russian *Märchen*, is his defeat and capture of Solovei (the Nightingale), a dreaded “highway robber” who besets the road to Kief, descending upon unwary travellers from his “nest,” built among “the branches of seven oaks,” as the robber nobles used to pounce down from their rock-perched castles on merchants sailing along the Rhine. Solovei’s chief power lies in the force of his screech, which appears to have resembled that of what in factory towns is known as a “devil,” all living beings, as a general rule, falling to the ground when they hear it. But Ilya sets the screecher at nought, knocks him out of his nest by a well-aimed shaft, and leads him in triumph to the court of Vladimir—as is represented in a large picture which was on view last year in the Russian department of the South Kensington International Exhibition. The subsequent adventures in which Ilya distinguished himself are too numerous to be more than referred to here.

We have mentioned the three chief personages of Vladimir’s Court, but there remain many other heroes of whom some notice ought to be taken. There is, for instance, that eminently mythical being Dumai (Danube), who, having obtained for Vladimir the hand of the Lithuanian Princess Apraxia, gains for himself that of her sister Anastasia. But at the wedding feast he becomes wroth with his bride, who claims to be a better shot than he, so he challenges her to come forth into the plain and compete with him. She successfully splits an arrow on a knife placed on his head, but when, in spite of her assurance that he has taken too much wine at the wedding breakfast to be able to shoot straight, he insists upon attempting a similar feat at her risk, his arrow pierces “her white breast.” Then, after listening to his wife’s dying words, the Slavonic Cephalus falls “upon his sharp sword,” and his blood mixes with hers. Another hero of a pathetic story is Stavvor, a prince whose wife is as wise as she is fair. One day when Vladimir’s guests are boasting at table, this one of his domains, that one of his gold, “the wise man of his old mother, the fool of his young wife,” Stavvor plays the fool’s part, declaring that his wife is clever enough to trick Vladimir and all his Court. By way of retort courteous Vladimir flings the boaster into a deep dungeon, where he long lies disconsolate. But at last his wife hears the sad news. Straightway she crops her flowing locks, dresses herself in man’s attire, appears before Vladimir in the character of a son of the King of Poland, and asks for his daughter’s hand. Vladimir is taken in and consents. At the wedding feast the supposed prince complains of depression, and asks for a song to cheer him. Vladimir’s minstrels try their best, but he becomes more and more dejected. At last Stavvor, who is renowned for his musical talents, is brought forth from his dungeon. He sings, and the gloom clears off from the brow of the bridegroom, who asks for a private interview with the singer. Having revealed herself to him, the disguised lady then returns and tells the truth to Vladimir, who for some time “hangs down his bold head, and fixes his bright eyes on the brick floor,” but eventually recovers his spirits, forgives Stavvor and his wife, and returns with renewed appetite to the feast. Very different from the sage heroine of this story is the first wife of Mikhailo Potok, a Helen who elopes with a Lithuanian Paris, and when Potok comes in search of her, first turns her Menelaus into a white stone, and afterwards, when he has been disenchanted, crucifies him against a wall with four nails. Equally fickle is the wife of Bezmyer, whose charms prove fatal to the seductive Churilo; and equally dangerous is Marina, a Circe who by magic spells gets the young Dobruinya into her power, and then sends him atled in bovine shape. On the whole, the younger heroines of these romances do not show to advantage, but they appear to improve as they grow older. They are apt to be annoying as daughters and wives, but they make excellent mothers. Thus the forward young princess who proposes marriage to the rich Solovei Budimirovich, when he comes sailing from beyond the blue sea to Kief, contrasts unfavourably with the dignified mother of the still more wealthy Diuk, who receives in so stately a manner the envoys who are sent by Vladimir to test her son’s description of the splendour of his Indian home.

Here we must pause, though we have left still unnamed full many a gallant hero who gaily feasted at Vladimir’s table or boldly repelled his foes atled—though we have not even alluded to the really historical poems of the Moscow as distinguished from the Kief cycle, which Mr. Hilferding’s rich and varied collection contains.

CHURCHYARD LITERATURE.*

IF all epitaphs were as solemn as those selected by Messrs. Palliser, our churchyards would cease to yield the entertainment which they have afforded to the loungers from time immemorial. Such

* *Epitaphiana; or, Curiosities of Churchyard Literature.* By W. Fairley, F.S.S. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1873.

Motives for Monuments; or, Epitaphs selected for Study and Application. By F. and M. A. Palliser. With Designs by Flaxman and Others. London: John Murray. 1873.

a result is certainly to be deprecated, as removing one genial link between dead and living. We have not a word, however, to say against the suggestion of Mr. Fairley, the editor of *Epitaphiana*, that a censorship of epitaphs should be sharply exercised by the parish priest; for the examples of bull and blunder, bungling, piracy, and slovenly orthography—to say nothing of worse solecisms against good taste—to be found on tombstones, are beyond question “legion.” There can be no doubt, for instance, that under proper supervision no monumental slab should have been allowed to bear such an inscription over an infant of eight months as

Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for;

especially when, as *Mottoes for Monuments* remind us, Prior left this faultless pair of couplets to meet the same occasion:—

Happy the babe who, privileged by fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to death.

But while vulgarity and vile taste require exclusion from the sepulchral enclosure, it is a mistake to banish from it all scintillations of the peculiar humour which finds its vent in a cheerful effort to make the best of the inevitable. Our notion is that neither the mottoes of F. and M. A. Palliser, as a whole, nor yet the epitaphs collected by Mr. Fairley, but a compromise between the two, and a well-considered mixture of grave and gay, would answer best. In all churchyards, and in all collections of epitaphs, there is room for a very sweeping elimination of the kind of epitaphology which savours of presumption, and which must be offensive to a correct taste. We refer to such as predicate of one who has died, not in infancy, in which case it might be admissible, but after having had experience of life, “I have found the joys of Heaven”; or such as say of the departed, “Each duty done, they rest in peace,” and so anticipate the final award. *Mottoes for Monuments* include many samples of this fault, and any reader's recollection of family monuments and mural tablets will no doubt supply similar instances of this presumption, which, apart from more serious objections, is very provocative of hostile criticism. In truth, there is great room for the multiplication of really humble epitaphs, of a kindred type to that in p. 74 of the “Mottoes”:—

And when I lie in the green kirkyard,
With the mould upon my breast,
Say not that she did well or ill,
Only “she did her best.”

The expression of faith and hope is of course thoroughly germane to the occasion; but those who compose inscriptions for the monuments of their relatives, or for themselves, are too apt to overstep this, so that a humble epitaph is really a rarity. Hence we are disposed to commend highly those epitaphs which cultivate brevity; such, for example, as Albert Dürer's “Emigravit,” or that in Whitby Churchyard, “Gone home”; though it cannot be denied that this quality is carried to excess in the epitaph on a sailor, “Grounded,” on Grimaldi, “Here I am,” and on an angler, “Hooked it.” Mr. Fairley cites one inscription to the memory of “Susan Mum” which supports our view of the matter, though it may also represent the cautious reticence of those who erected it. Susan Mum's epitaph runs, “Silence is wisdom.”

The scope of *Mottoes for Monuments* does not comprehend the rather numerous class of epitaphs which consist of a more or less happy play upon the name of the deceased; whereas in Mr. Fairley's collection Mrs. Mum's epitaph, just cited, is only one out of many of this type. He gives the whereabouts of that on Mr. Miles:—

This tombstone is a Mile stone:
Ha! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles,
Who's Miles below;

but he is wisely silent as to where the inscription over Owen Moore is to be found:—

Owen Moore is gone away
Owing More than he could pay.

It is hardly likely that, however disappointed at the unforeseen insolvency of the deceased, his executors would have gone to the expense of venting their chagrin and airing their wit on a tombstone. It is quite otherwise in the case of the complacent epitaph in Sunning Hill churchyard, which runs—

My debts are paid, as you will see:
So trust in God, and follow me.

Churchyards doubtless contain good, bad, and indifferent samples of this sort of epitaph, the preponderance being, we fear, on the side of vulgarity and stupidity. How neatly the play on names may be handled may be seen in Crshaw's epitaph on Dr. Brook, which is perhaps none the worse for having rather a classical than a theological tone:—

A Brooke whose stream so great, so good,
Was loved, was honoured, as a flood:
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon
More than their own Helicon;
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground;
Meanwhile his loved banks, now dry,
The Muses with their tears supply.

It is obvious that Mr. Fairley's search has been directed towards facetious and jocular epitaphs, without special regard to refine-

ment or the want of it. Hence he is livelier than the collectors with whom we are comparing him. Messrs. Palliser, for instance, favour us with two or three “trade” epitaphs, as we may call those which touch upon the calling of the deceased in his lifetime. That “On a Labourer,” written by “Old Humphrey,” is not amiss, as epitaphs go:—

He labour'd in the fields his bread to gain,
He ploughed, he sow'd, he reaped the yellow grain;
And now, by death from future service driven,
Is gone to keep his harvest-home in Heaven.

And another “On a Mariner,” in the next page, from *Churchyard Thoughts*, if it makes a little too sure of the “port,” is still an example of well-sustained comparison. As we might expect, Mr. Fairley's samples are of a lighter cast. One is “On a Surgeon” “who bled for his own and his country's good”; another, “On a Linendraper”; a third, seemingly written by the compiler, “On a Collier,” which is not particularly good; and a fourth, which is happier, “On a Country Sexton”:—

He, that had carried many a body brave,
Was carried by a fever to the grave;
And now, and was carried; that is even.
Lord! make him porter to the gates of Heaven.

That on the actress, Mrs. Oldfield, which is extremely neat, had its origin probably in the concise epitaph of the Elizabethan player, “Exit Burbage”; for it runs:—

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Not much exception can be justly taken to the epitaph which turns to account the trade or calling of the deceased, unless it be in that low and ludicrous development of it which we suspect sprang from the fatherland of Barnum; the development which appends a rider for the benefit of survivors and successors. Though Upton-on-Severn churchyard has the credit of a perfect specimen of this in the advertisement of the “Landlord of the Lion's” resigned publican son, it is outdone in practical prose by Jane Smith's American epitaph on a monument erected by her husband, a marble-cutter, “as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of the same style, 250 dollars.” A curious question seems to attach to one of the trade epitaphs in Fairley's collection, that on a watchmaker, beginning, “Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of,” &c. &c. &c., and ending, after a series of references to the deceased's calling, with the hope of “his being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set agoing in the world to come.” Mr. Fairley tacks this to the monumental stone of one George Routleigh, lying in Lydford churchyard, on the borders of Dartmoor, who died November 14, 1802. In a collection of Epitaphs and Inscriptions printed for Lackington and Co. in that very year, the same epitaph, with the substitution of a fictitious name, “Peter Pendulum,” and the omission of the date of death, is said to be taken from the churchyard of Conway, North Wales. What we should like to know is, whether the Peter Pendulum epitaph was a skit or *jeu d'esprit* first printed in the year named, and borrowed by the friends of the Somersetshire watchmaker, Routleigh—whose name, by the way, is not unknown in that trade? The attempt to trace the epitaph to Conway churchyard was less bold in 1802 than it would be now, when tourists can so easily ascertain whether it is actually there.

One of the vexatious of epitaph literature is the coolness and carelessness with which friends appropriate any epitaph they like, and the indifference with which collectors and editors regard the question “Where is the original and which are the copies?” One of two epitaphs ascribed to Llangerrig churchyard, Montgomeryshire, is given again in p. 127 of Fairley's *Epitaphiana* as from Castell Llwlchr or Loughor churchyard, South Wales; but the various readings of the latter inscription prove it to be a copy by a clumsy hand, the former having about it, as indeed has the other from the same place, a certain smack of genuineness:—

O earth, O earth, observe this well—
That earth to earth shall come to dwell;
Then earth in earth shall close remain
Till earth from earth shall rise again.

The Montgomeryshire moralist, by the way, here produced a more thoroughly Christian epitaph than the admired Scotch one anent Earth, by James Ramsay at Melrose Abbey, which is given in *Mottoes for Monuments*, p. 77. The one is instinct with the truth of a resurrection; the other soars no higher than the vanity of human hopes and aims.

One of the most natural, yet difficult, styles of epitaph is that which we may call the “catastrophic”; natural, because survivors are most impressed with the awfulness of the deceased's removal from the world; difficult, because they are so apt to reproduce this impression vulgarly. Mr. Fairley's collection is rich in pronounced specimens of this style. To pass over that on the unfortunate person who gave his friends a sudden shock “by one day falling into Sunderland Dock,” or that on the New Hampshire man whose old mare, as he was leading her to drink “kick'd and kill'd him quicker 'n a wink,” we may pause to notice two or three samples of the catastrophic epitaph, heroic or pathetic. In a Scotch graveyard occurs the following:—

Here lies interr'd a man of micht,
His name was Malcolm Downie;
He lost his life, as market nicht,
By fa'in off his pownie.

Possibly this may be found in the same locality:—

John Macpherson was a remarkable person;
He stood six foot two without his shoe,
And he was slew at Waterloo.

Only the odds are against the unity of authorship, to judge by the composition. Pathos belongs to the child-epitaph, and so we call this one from New Jersey:—

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
All empty stands her little chair:
She died of eatin' watermelon.

Any number of like inscriptions might be gathered, we venture to say, in old-fashioned graveyards. It is not so easy—it is in fact the rare exception—to find an example of good taste in this kind. We went to Crashaw just now for an example of the play on a name. He shall supply another on the catastrophe of a newly wedded pair, dying and buried close together. Though a trifle long, it is true poetry, and in excellent taste:—

To these whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep.
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
(Pillow hard and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed; they'll take no harm;
Let them sleep; let them sleep on,
Till that stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morning dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn
And they wake into a light,
Whose Day shall never sleep in Night.

A few such perfect epitaphs as this, which is a strong contrast to the four-lined epitaph in Yate churchyard on the same topic, quoted by Mr. Fairley, would have given a more literary tone to his collection or to that of Messrs. Palliser. The speciality and recommendation of the latter is, in truth, the reproduction of Flaxman's designs. The collection itself is too uniformly sombre. The same cannot be said for *Epitaphiana*, but rather the contrary. It contains all the stock epitaphs which are periodically held up to ridicule—e.g., that on Lady O'Looney, "who was bland, passionate, deeply religious, first cousin to Lady Jones," &c., but it errs in careless citation of places; as where, for instance, it gives "Bishop Cumming's Churchyard, Wilts," for "Bishop's Canning Churchyard, Wilts." Also it fails in research. No. 5 is an epitaph said to be from a graveyard in Cheraw, South Carolina. It begins, "My name, my country, what is that to thee?" and ends "Thou know'st its use, it hides—no matter whom." If there is such a place as Cheraw, it must have deeper scholars in it than the compiler of *Epitaphiana*. One such, at all events, must have carried in his head, perhaps across the Atlantic, a version of a remarkable misanthropical epitaph by the anthologist Paulus Silentarius, by no less an English poet than Cowper.

THE WOOING O'T.*

NOVELISTS are hard put to it in these days for likely obstacles to lawful marriage. The fierce partisanship of politics is a thing of the past; even religious difficulties are daily vanishing before the easily opened door of the registrar's office; we have no family vendettas to maintain; and our latest stronghold, caste, is by no means so impregnable as it used to be. Poverty certainly still has power to forbid the bans; but, in spite of the old adage which sends love flying when poverty enters, stout hearts are daily found to brave the terrors of the unwelcome wolf, and the world is held to be "well lost" if lost for love. Still we must devise likely-looking obstacles, else our supply of the orthodox three volumes would soon come to an end; stories wherein "the wooing o't" prospers too rapidly not being held to possess sufficient interest for the sympathetic reader, who likes nothing so well as a strong complication of love and difficulty, wherein social circumstance takes the place of the old Greek Fate, and Belgravian mothers represent the Eumenides who pursue or the Atë who avenges.

Mrs. Alexander, casting about for a social barrier sufficiently potent to prevent an attachment otherwise lawful and natural, has hit upon that of family and caste, and we are bound to say that she has managed her materials with naturalness and skill. We grant that her hero, Geoffrey Trafford, is less determined and more vacillating than befits a perfect picture; but we think the study truer to life on that account, if the pleasantness and prettiness of the design suffer. A man in Geoffrey Trafford's position does not marry a girl with Maggie Grey's surroundings, even when she is as sweet and charming as she is depicted, without grave hesitation and much exercise of mind. If marriage involved nothing beyond personal union, love would be freer and caste weaker than it is; but when we remember that it includes the relatives as well as the person immediately concerned,

that uncouth cousins and vulgar aunts have the right to familiar entrance, and that social exclusiveness, the dearest privilege of the ordinary Englishman, is henceforward a thing impossible, we can understand the reluctance of a man of family to take his wife from among the pills and pestles of a little chemist's back-parlour, and we can even honour him for the courage of his final determination, how long soever it was before it came about. We extract part of the scene where Trafford makes his formal proposals to Maggie, chiefly for the naïve observation at the end, which, we fancy, serves as a kind of index to the book, explanatory of more than the author cared to express in less allusive language:—

Trafford caught her hand in both of his. "I am not quite unworthy of you, dearest," he said, while his eyes lit up and a dark flush passed over his cheek. "I know well how necessary you are to me. I have suffered enough from sacrificing natural instinct to conventionality. Then, Maggie, if you believe that I am true and loyal, you will not refuse to be my wife?" he pressed her hand almost painfully, and went on hastily, "I must confess that I deeply, bitterly regret not having sought you in my comparative prosperity as my heart prompted. Now I have but broken fortunes to offer you! I do not set myself up as a hero; I am a very fallible mortal. Will you take me with all my imperfections?"

"I understand," said Maggie slowly, but leaving her hand in his. "You did not think it possible to raise me to your own level before troubles came. Well, I am a fitter helpmate for a real worker than for a fine gentleman; but—"

"I acknowledge that you would have been braver and truer had you been in my place," interrupted Trafford.

"No," replied Maggie, looking down; "I should then have been a man, and felt the force of more worldly motives."

The main action of *The Wooing O't* is very simple; in fact, too simple for its length. Maggie Grey, the heroine, and the perfectly well-bred and charming niece of a worthy chemist afflicted with coarse and common surroundings, is the half-maid, half-companion, of a rude and vulgar Mrs. Berry. They go to Paris, where Mrs. Berry's money buys her admission into a society of speckled peaches, whereof a certain sharper, one Count de Bragance, is conspicuous, and into which presently enters a raw boy peer, the young Earl of Torchester. This Mrs. Berry is a spiritedly drawn character. Kind-hearted but selfish, vain, and shallow, her head turned with the unexpected possession of wealth, but of an inherent vulgarity of nature which nothing can gild over, she strikes us as a portrait taken from the life, and more true than pleasant. She was originally the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, "addicted to penny romances and a *beau idéal* husband—something between a black-whiskered dummy in the window of the neighbouring hairdresser and a handsome policeman who occasionally frequented the street"; but she married old Mr. Berry, who soon obligingly died of a sore throat and left her well provided for. While her father lived her life was a burden to her by reason of his constant admonitions against fortune-hunters and the like; but she was kept out of mischief. When he died she resolved on having her fling; wherefore she engaged Maggie Grey at twelve pounds a year and her "old clothes," and set off on her adventures, which in due time culminated in Paris, speckled peaches, the Count de Bragance, and the young Earl of Torchester.

Maggie, as only a fair-faced, ladylike girl, is nowhere among the harpies who throng round Mrs. Berry; but she soon becomes everything to the boy Earl, because she is "kind to him," as he says—that is, genial and natural, and helpful when he flounders in his shy awkward way. And she is kind to him partly because he is wholesome in nature, if just now in danger of drifting into courses neither wise nor wholesome, and partly because he reminds her of her loutish, but good-hearted, cousin John in Australia, hitherto her only friend. In the most natural manner possible the companion and the peer fall into a friendship which ends in the Earl's asking her to be his wife, and Maggie's refusing. She does not refuse him because she does not value money and position, nor yet because she is in love with any one else; but simply because she is not in love with him, and because she understands that happiness and dignity are not always to be had for money. It is the consequence of clear reason and good feeling. There is nothing overstrained in her decision, nothing stilted or unnatural. It is just what a candid and courageous girl would have done; but the charm of her action is mainly due to her manner of thought, and the purely feminine groundwork of her reasonableness. The whole character of Maggie is very tenderly touched, and very clearly conceived. In so far as she is concerned, *The Wooing O't* has the merit of originality. She is flesh and blood, and stands out solidly, especially in the earlier chapters. Simple and self-respecting, loving and firm, she is of the best type of English girl, and one we have not met for a long time in the pages of a novel. Not a line about her is exaggerated; and Mrs. Alexander has mercifully endowed her with physical self-control, by which we are spared hysterical sobbings and faintings, and all the other signs of pathological unhappiness which always suggest the doctor and the medicine-chest. She is delightfully girlish, too; and in the midst of her greatest griefs and perplexities is woman all through as to her appearance. Without being vain, she never consents to dowdiness when by care she can make herself lovely; and while her heart is breaking for love, does not reject the right admixture of colours in her hat as a thing beneath her dignity to study.

Lord Torchester has a cousin, one Geoffrey Trafford, whom his aunt—the boy Earl's mother—sends out to Paris to investigate matters when they begin to look serious, and, if possible, to detach him from the wiles and arts of Maggie Grey, whom she uncharitably, though perhaps not unnaturally, supposes to be a vulgar ad-

* *The Wooing O't*. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1873.

ventures bent on catching an earl. And the pith of the book lies in the fact that Trafford, who comes to warn, is himself caught; and that Maggie on her side falls in love with the man who meets her armed with such a panoply of suspicion and predetermined contempt. The last two volumes are taken up with the gradual progress of this love affair, interrupted now by Trafford's jealousy of Cousin John, who comes home from Australia, and now by Maggie's watchful self-control and loyalty, anxiously guarding herself from betraying feelings which may interfere with the happiness and desires of her second patroness and employer, Miss Grantham, who has destined Geoffrey for herself. The history of this love affair between Maggie and Trafford is the weak link in the chain. There is not sufficient sense of growth through these last two volumes to sustain the interest at the height to which it rises in the first. All the incidents are too trivial, too little progressive, too flat for real art. They are naturally planned and easily told, and we do not desire anything more startling or sensational than what Mrs. Alexander has given us; but they should have been more vivid, more important, with more "salt" and more definite evolution. The story drags. Half the later chapters might be cut out and leave no trace of loss; indeed the plot would gain by condensation. Things are too much on a dead level, and the fire hangs too long.

Though Miss Grantham too is drawn fairly well, she fails in the dash and spirit with which Mrs. Berry or Maggie herself, or even Mrs. Grey and the girls, are portrayed. To be sure, we hold these last to be more vulgar than was necessary either for the liveliness or the naturalness of the book; but they are more solid than Miss Grantham, who is a little too much of the wax-work type, and seems to want localizing and putting into a more determined shape. Neither a Bohemian nor a fine lady, she oscillates between the two characters in a way which gives one an odd sense of uncertainty. She acts like the one while being the other; doing unconventional things which scarcely harmonize with her position or her education as a local "princess," yet never for a moment ranking herself on the side of the Bohemians or the democrats. We question the possibility of her accepting Maggie's charming personality as a set-off against her subordinate position; and we therefore question the life-likeness of all that part of the story which makes the little brown-haired secretary her employer's favourite friend and trusted confidante, and which includes her in the grander society at the Beeches as an equal.

Nor can we endorse the picture of Cousin John as a good piece of work. He may be an individual portrait, but he is singularly unlike the typical Australian or returned colonist from any place. Cousin John is an arrogant, noisy, coarse, blustering fellow who, had he shown half the insolence abroad which he displayed so freely at home, would have been brought to his senses by some Colonel Blood or Judge Pike of the place, with his "leven-inch bowie knife" or nine-shooter. As a rule, the returned colonist, the man who has mixed with roughs and been his own lawgiver, judge, and policeman, is distinguished by a reticent and observant air; seeming to be always on the defensive, but never aggressive; taking stock of all the circumstances and people by which and whom he is surrounded, but keeping himself quiet, composed, and always as if on guard. This kind of manner belongs to a society where men have to protect themselves; where they must be neither cowardly nor quarrelsome; and where the prime endeavour of each newcomer is to impress his fellows with the belief that he is as good a man as any of them, and one better not meddled with. Cousin John seems to change somehow from his earlier lines; and when he returns home as the selfish, hard, insolent, and vulgar benefactor of the family, we feel that Mrs. Alexander has cheated us and given us husks for grain.

When we say that the whole story of *The Wooing O't* would have been improved had it been more diligently wrought over, that it wants the indefinable but unmistakable evidence of care, and so slips away from us rather uncomfortably, we have indicated all the faults we care to point out. To balance these, it is a book of healthy tone and pleasant feeling; womanly, yet by no means sentimental or mawkish; indeed noticeably bright, and with an extraordinary atmosphere of good temper throughout; but a book that is evidently below its own possibilities and the powers of its author. And so far it disappoints us, while holding out the hope of something better when Mrs. Alexander shall have determined to work diligently, and not only to write easily.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Now ready, VOLUME XXXV., bound in cloth, price 10s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 941, NOVEMBER 8, 1873:

Marshal MacMahon and the Conservatives. Legal Vacancies and Appointments. The Fall of the Canadian Ministry. The Bengal Famine. Spain. French Finance. The Police. Austria, Germany, and Eastern Europe. The Work of the London School Board. Autobiography. The Pyrenees. Decay of the Religious Orders. Dangerous Ships. Lord Airile and Deer-Forests. Fires. The Trade Unionists and Mr. Lowe. Coal Monopoly. Winter Exhibitions. Todhunter's History of the Theory of Attraction. The Pilgrimage of the Tiber. The Roxburghe Ballads. Marjorie Daw. Besant's French Humourists. Scherff's Infantry with the Other Arms. Russian Metrical Romances. Churchyard Literature. The Wooing O't.

CONTENTS OF No. 940, NOVEMBER 1, 1873:

The Manifesto of the Count of Chambord—The Money Market—The Ashantee Expedition—The Trial of Marshal Bazaine—Free Schools and Local Taxation—Politics in Denmark—The Public and the Tichborne Case—Charity Electioneering. Singularity—Sir Henry Holland—Sub-Alpine Vegetation—Church Affairs in Germany—French Milliners and Politicians—Perils by Water—Public Schools for the Middle Classes—A Fungus Feast—A Tempest in a Tea-Cup—Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Autobiography of John Stuart Mill—The People of India Photographed—A School History of England—In Strange Company—The Brothers Rantzen—John Roberts, Earl of Radnor—Reports of the Associated Architectural Societies—The Good Old Times—French Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS THIS DAY AND NEXT WEEK.

Saturday (November 8).—Sixth Saturday Concert. Monday—Orchestral Music, Symphony E flat (Mozart), &c.; Mystery Entertainment; Volunteer Fire Brigade Competition; Great Fireworks (Last display of the season). Tuesday—Opera, "Lucrezia Borgia." Wednesday—Orchestral Music, the Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn), &c.; Mystery Entertainment. Thursday—Opera, "Don Giovanni." Friday—Orchestral Music, Symphony in B flat (Schumann); Mystery Entertainment. Saturday—Seventh Saturday Concert. Admission, Monday to Friday, One Shilling. Saturdays, Half-a-Crown.

WAGNER SOCIETY, St. James's Hall.—Conductor, Mr. E. DANNREUTHER. Orchestra of Eighty Performers. FIRST GRAND CONCERT, Friday, November 14, at 8.20. Subscription for the Series of Six Concerts, £3 2s. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 1s., at Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., Chancery Lane, Bond Street; Schott, of Regent Street; Austin's, St. James's Hall, and the principal Agents. The Programme will include Wagner (Meistersinger), Berlioz (King Lear), Beethoven Symphony in C minor, &c. Dr. Von Bulow will play Raff's New Concerto, and Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian National Airs.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRETORIUM," with "Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca da Rimini," "Neophyte," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S COLLECTION of COPIES from the ANCIENT MASTERS, including the celebrated Altar-Piece by Memline, at Lubek, ON VIEW daily at 21 Old Bond Street, W.

FAC-SIMILES in COLOUR of the ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S DRAWINGS are sold to the Public as well as to Members. Prices from 10s. to 40s. Lists sent on application to 21 Old Bond Street, W.

THE PAYMENT of £1 ls. as an Entrance Donation to the ARUNDEL SOCIETY constitutes Membership for Life. Members can purchase the Publications at a lower Price than the Public. Circulars are sent on application to 21 Old Bond Street, W.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.—NOTICE is hereby Given that on Friday, the 14th instant, the SENATE of Queen's University will proceed to ELECT EXAMINERS in the following Subjects, and at the Salaries stated; to hold such Examinations during the year, beginning April 1, 1874, as are now or may be appointed by the Senate:—

SUBJECT.	SALARY.
Medicine	£100
Surgery	£100
Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children	£75
Natural History	£75
Medical Jurisprudence	£75

Applications to be made by letter addressed to me, on or before the 15th instant. Applications received after that date will not be considered.

By Order,
G. JOHNSTONE STONEY, M.A., F.R.S.
Queen's University, Dublin Castle,
November 8, 1873. Secretary to the University.

EXHIBITIONS.—CHATHAM HOUSE, Ramsgate. — An EXAMINATION will be held January 20, to award FOUR ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS, value £25, tenable for Two or more years.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER.